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Pentecostal Hymns

No. 2

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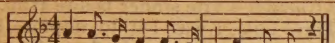
1



1 There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!

CHO.—Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done,
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!

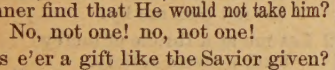
2 No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!

4 Did ever saint find this friend forsake him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

2



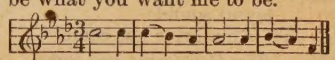
1 It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know, [Thine,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in
I'll go where you want me to go.

REF.—I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea; [Lord,
I'll say what you want me to say, dear
I'll be what you want me to be.

2 Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak—
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
O Savior, if Thou wilt be my guide,
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

3 There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest fields so wide—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day
For Jesus, the crucified—
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.

3



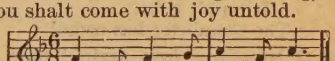
1 Far and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming,
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

CHO.—Lord of harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest time pass by.

2 Send them forth with morn's first beaming;
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather ev'rywhere.

3 O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold;
Heav'nward then at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

4



1 Better friend is none than He,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior,
Full of tend'rest love to me,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior.

CHO.—Wonderful Savior!
Wonderful Savior!
Saving me, even me,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior!

2 I love Him, and He loves me,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior,
Source of peace and purity,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior.

3 More and more His love He shows,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior,
More and more His grace bestows,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior.

4 He abides with me each day,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior,
Cheers my trusting soul alway,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior.

5 I shall see Him by and by,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior,
Reign with Him at last on high,
Jesus, the wonderful Savior.

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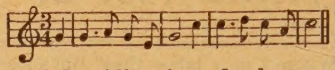
5 

1 O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!

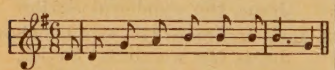
CHO.—The Comforter has come,
The Holy Ghost from heav'n,
The Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round,
Wherever man is found—
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last,
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast, [vances fast!
As o'er the golden hills the day ad-
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in his wings,
To ev'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings;
And thro' the vacant cells the song of triumph rings;
The Comforter has come!

4 O boundless love divine! how shall this tongue of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—
That I, a child of hell, should in His image shine!
The Comforter has come!

5 Sing, till the echoes fly above the vaulted sky,
And all the saints above to all below reply,
In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die:
The Comforter has come!

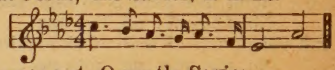
6 

1 The dear loving Savior hath found me,
And shattered the fetters that bound me,
Tho' all was confusion around me,
He came and spake peace to my soul;
The blessed Redeemer that bought me,
In tenderness constantly sought me,
The way of salvation He taught me,
And made my heart perfectly whole.

CHO.—He saves me, He saves me,
His love fills my soul, hallelujah!
Oh, glory, He saves me,
His spirit abideth within;
His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

2 He sought me so long ere I knew him,
But finally winning me to Him,
I yielded my all to pursue Him,
And asked to be filled with His grace;
Although a vile sinner before Him,
Thro' faith I was led to implore Him,
And now I rejoice and adore Him,
Restored to His loving embrace.

3 I never, no, never will leave Him,
Grow weary of service and grieve Him,
I'll constantly trust and believe Him,
Remain in His presence divine;
Abiding in love ever flowing,
In knowledge and grace ever growing,
Confiding implicitly, knowing
That Jesus, the Savior, is mine.

7 

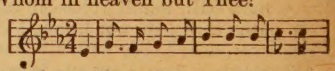
1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

8 

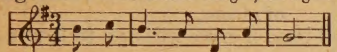
1 When fierce the winds are blowing, and dark the clouds o'erhead,
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right;
O, look not at the tempest, but at the Lord instead!
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right.

CHO.—Oh, look away to Jesus,
When sorrow presses sore,
And when temptations gather thick,
Keep looking all the more.
'Tis looking unto Jesus turns darkness into light,
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right.

2 When doubts are all around, and the "feelings" all are gone,
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right;
We're walking not by sight,—but by faith we travel on,
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right.

3 When by and by the river flows darkly,
just before,
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right;
The hosts of God will meet me, and bear
me safely o'er,
Looking unto Jesus makes it right, all right.

9

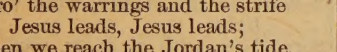


1 Like a shepherd, tender, true,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
Daily finds us pastures new,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;
If thick mists are o'er the way,
Or the flock mid danger feeds,
He will watch them lest they stray,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

2 All along life's rugged road
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
Till we reach yon blest abode,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;
All the way, before, He's trod,
And He now the flock precedes,
Safe into the fold of God,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

3 Thro' the sunlit ways of life
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
Thro' the warrings and the strife
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;
When we reach the Jordan's tide,
Where life's bound'ry line recedes,
He will spread the waves aside,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

10



1 O refreshing times are coming
"From the presence of our Lord;"
Christians ev'rywhere are gath'ring
"In one place with one accord,"
And the tongues of fire are sitting
On each hopeful, upturned brow;
Yes, refreshing times are coming,
And the morning dawneth NOW.

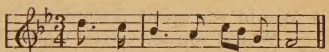
CHO.—‖: O refreshing times are coming!
Coming as a precious boon,
From the presence of Jehovah,
Coming swiftly, coming soon. :‖

2 O refreshing times are coming;
Let your faith in God be strong,
Let your love grow warm and warmer
And inspire each lofty song;
Men are turning from their idols,
From their dark and sinful ways,
And are asking for the Savior
In these glad, refreshing days.

3 O refreshing times are coming;
Bow before the throne of grace,
Ask the Savior for His blessing
And the smilings of His face;
He will surely keep His promise
And fulfill your heart's desire;
He will give the oil of gladness
And the cloven tongues of fire.

4 O refreshing times are coming;
Sinner, hear the joyful sound,
With the Savior is forgiveness
And a balm for ev'ry wound;
He will give you joy and gladness
And your burden take away;
O refreshing times are with us,
Come to Jesus! Come to-day.

11

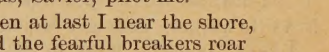


1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

12



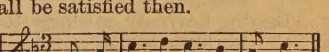
1 When I shall reach the more excellent glory,
And all my trials are passed,
I shall behold Him, O wonderful story!
I shall be like Him at last.

CHO.—‖:I shall be like Him,:‖
And in His beauty shall shine,
I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him,
Jesus, my Savior divine.

2 We shall not wait till the glorious dawning
Breaks on the vision so fair,
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning,
Now we His image may bear.

3 More and more like Him, repeat the blest story,
Over and over again,
Changed by His spirit from glory to glory,
I shall be satisfied then.

13



1 Would you give your heart to Jesus?
Would you walk the narrow way?
Would you share His great salvation?
Do it now, make no delay!

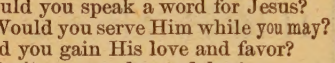
CHO.—Do it to-day, Do it to-day!
Why will you tarry, why will you delay?
Ere one more sunrise it may be too late;
Then do it, and do it to-day!

2 Would you help a friend or brother?
Would you wipe his tears away?
Would you cheer and bless another?
Do it now, make no delay!

3 Would you help to raise the fallen,
Help the lost to find the way?
Would you save a soul from error?
Do it now, make no delay!

4 Would you speak a word for Jesus?
Would you serve Him while you may?
Would you gain His love and favor?
Do it now, make no delay!

14



1 Since my soul is forgiven and reconciled,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord;
Now He owns and calls me His loving child,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord.

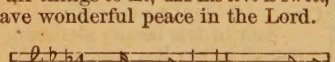
CHO.—I have peace, blessed peace,
Faith is anchored to God's Holy Word,
I have peace, heavenly peace,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord,

2 As He walketh beside me to help and cheer,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord;
Sure no ill can befall me while He is near,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord.

3 While I hide 'neath the wings of Almighty love,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord;
As my feet bear me on to the home above,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord.

4 In the darkness of night or the noontide heat,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord;
He is all things to me, and His love is sweet,
I have wonderful peace in the Lord.

15



1 Just a little sunshine ev'rywhere we go,
Over darkened pathways, rays of blessing throw;
Golden rays of gladness from a loving heart,
Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.

CHO.—Sunshine, sunshine, just a little sunshine,
Bearing heavenly gladness thro' this world below;
Sunshine, sunshine, just a little sunshine,
Telling love's sweet story, ev'rywhere we go.

2 Like the blessed Master, in this life, are we,
Sent to comfort others, publish liberty;
Willing hands outreaching, strengthening the weak,
In the name of Jesus, consolation speak.

3 Just a little sunshine makes the roses grow
In the barren places, flowers begin to show;
Lift the clouds of sorrow, cheer the hour of gloom,
Fruits of grace will ripen for immortal bloom.

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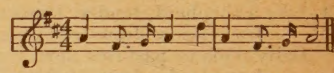


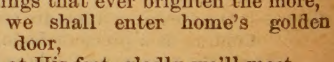
1 Work for the Master; answer His call;
Take up the duty; trust Him for all;
Walk in the way opened to-day,
Promptly His word obey.
Life's bloom and sunshine cheerfully bring,
Every good talent lent by our King;
Life through His name freely proclaim,
Spreading the heavenly flame.

CHO.—Work for the Master, looking above,
Led by His Spirit, filled with His love;
Work, work, work, work,
Filled with His boundless love.

2 Work for the Master; work with delight;
Serve Him with gladness, soon comes the night;
Seeking His face, using His grace,
Resting in His embrace.
Scorn not the trifles; sometimes a word
Spoken in kindness, gratefully heard,
Seed-like in power, lives as a flower
Growing for Eden's bower.

3 Work for the Master; great the reward;
Stars for the crowning, joy in the Lord,
Songs by the way, blessings to-day,
Richly our toil repay.
Blessings that ever brighten the more,
Till we shall enter home's golden door,
Then at His feet, gladly we'll meet,
Singing His praises sweet.

17



1 In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
Safely sheltered I abide;
There no foes nor storms molest me,
While within the cleft I hide.

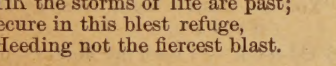
CHO.—Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me:
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in Thee.

2 Long pursued by sin and Satan,
Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
Then I found this heav'nly shelter,
Opened in my Savior's breast.

3 Peace, which passeth understanding,
Joy, the world can never give,
Now in Jesus, I am finding;
In His smiles of love I live.

4 In the rifted Rock I'll hide me,
Till the storms of life are past;
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.

18



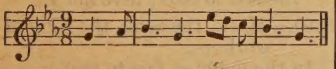
1 Leave the path that lies in shadow,
and step upward into light;
Love is beaming with a bright, cheering ray;
For the Lord who died to save you, lives
to help you with His might,
And there's sunshine all along the way.

CHO.—There is sunshine, blessed sunshine,
Sunshine all along the way;
For there's peace and joy and gladness in my soul,
And there's sunshine all along the way.

2 Then we'll press along the highway
leading onward to the throne,
And the orders of our King we'll obey;
He will safely guide our footsteps, ever
caring for His own;
And there's sunshine all along the way.

3 Let us trust in our Redeemer; He is
able to provide
Grace sufficient for our needs, day by day;
Earthly clouds may gather round us,
but His light will still abide,
And there's sunshine all along the way.

19



1 What is this that, like the sunshine,
Warms my trusting heart to-day?
Fills my soul with light and beauty,
Drives the shadows far away?

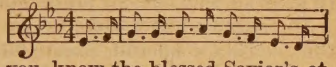
CHO.—This is that, oh, hallelujah!
Promised by the Lord divine:
'Tis the pentecostal blessing,
Filling this glad heart of mine.

2 What is this that fills with gladness,
Drives away all anxious care?
Scatters darkness, gives me comfort,
And a new delight in pray'r?

3 What is this that gives me freedom
For my Lord to work and speak?
Sends me out on loving errands,
As the wand'ring ones I seek?

4 What is this that burns within me
Like a flame of holy fire?
Purifies my willing spirit,
Gives me now my one desire?

20



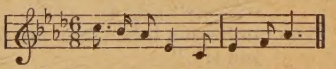
1 Do you know the blessed Savior's at
the door?
That He lingers there to bless you more
and more?
Will you not invite Him in,
And His fellowship begin?
He is waiting, knocking, calling at the
door.

CHO.—‖:He is waiting, He is knocking
at the door,:‖
‖:He is waiting, He is knocking
at the door.:‖

2 Do not keep Him longer waiting at
the door,
Hear Him knocking, calling, louder
than before.
Bid Him welcome now within,
Turn away from every sin,
He will enter and the feast be evermore.

3 Will you close your heart against
Him at the door? [more?
Will He not be all you need forever-
He will take away your pride,
Be your never-failing guide
To the mansions where the blessed ones
adore.

4 Oh, to think that Jesus waits outside
the door! [more,
He may leave you to return, no, never-
Leave you hopeless and alone,
With a heart as hard as stone,
Haste to hear Him now and open wide
the door.

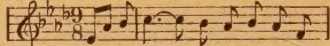
21

1 Sweet is Thy love, O Christ, to me,
Fullness of peace I find in Thee;
Ne'er have I loved Thee so before;
Help me to love Thee more and more.

CHO.—More, more would I love Thee,
More faithfully serve Thee,
More perfectly know Thee,
Help me to love Thee more and more.

2 More of Thy love my heart would feel,
More of Thyself in me reveal;
O may the Spirit wake in me
Deeper affection, Lord, for Thee!

3 More of Thy grace and saving pow'r
Breathe in my soul this holy hour;
All of my nature, Lord, refine;
Make me and keep me wholly Thine.

22



1 'Tis a wonderful, wonderful story,
I am hearing wherever I go,
Of a Savior who left His bright glory,
To redeem a lost world from its woe.

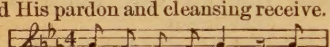
CHO.—'Tis a wonderful, wonderful story,
That tells of the love of our God,
How He sent His dear Son from yon glory
To redeem a lost world by His blood.

2 Of this gracious and wonderful story,
Even angels are longing to know;
And they wonder how God, in His mercy,
His salvation to sinners can show.

3 But this sweet and this wonderful story
Is revealed in His gospel of love:
That through faith in the blood of the Savior
We may enter the kingdom above.

4 'Tis this wonderful, wonderful story
I'm entreating you now to believe;
O my brother, accept God's free offer,
And His pardon and cleansing receive.

23



1 C-l-o-c-k—"The world is like a shelf,
Do you ever think
You should be like myself?
For I tick, tick, quick, quick,
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *tick* if you try."

2 C-l-o-c-k—"My face is clean and bright,
Honest all the time,
And tells the truth at sight;
O be true, true, you, you,
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *face* if you try."

3 C-l-o-c-k—"What is it makes me do?—
I've a hidden *spring;*
Let God put one in you;
It is love, love, love, love,
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *spring* if you try."

4 C-l-o-c-k—"What keeps the mainspring right?
I've a trusty *guide;*
You have one day and night,
'Tis the Book, Book, look, look,
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *guide* if you try."

5 C-l-o-c-k—"My *wheels* you cannot see,
But they mind the spring;
How very like are we!
You have tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts,
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *wheels* if you try."

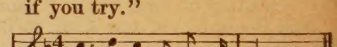
6 C-l-o-c-k—"I heed my Maker's plans;
Surely you should know
My wheels control my *hands*
As they go, go, so, so,
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *hands* if you try."

7 C-l-o-c-k—"And I've a loud alarm;
Conscience says, Wake up!
Sin wants to do you harm;
Keep awake! wake! wake! wake!
With a merry chime working all the time."

CHO.—"Tick!" said the clock;
"What?" said I;
"You can learn a lesson from my *'larm* if you try."

24



1 Lo, the golden fields are smiling,
Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?
Great the harvest, few the workers,
And the Lord hath need of thee.
Go and work, the time is waning,
Let thy earnest heart reply
To the call so oft repeated,
"Blessed Master, here am I."

CHO.—Hark, the song, the song of busy workers,
In the fields so fair to see;
Go and fill thy place among them,
For the Lord hath need of thee.

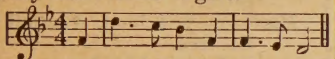
2 Take the balm of consolation,
That so oft has cheered thy heart;
Let some weary brother toiler
In thy comfort share a part.
Go and lift the heavy burden
He has struggled long to bear;
Go, and kneeling down beside him,
Blend thy faith with his in pray'r.

3 Go and gather souls for Jesus,
Precious souls thy love may win;
Lead them to the door of mercy,
Tell them how to enter in.
Go and gather souls for Jesus,
Work while strength and breath remain;

What are years of constant labor,
To the joy thou yet shalt gain?

4 Go then, work, the Master calleth;
Go, no longer idle be;
Waste no more thy precious moments,
For the Lord hath need of thee.
Once He gave His life thy ransom
That thy soul with Him might live,
Now the service he demandeth
Can thy heart refuse to give?

25



1 Be with us, Lord, as forth we go,
Winning precious souls to Thee,
And make our love and zeal to glow,
Winning precious souls to Thee.

CHO.—Winning precious souls, many precious souls,
Jewels in Thy crown to be;
Help us bring them in from the ways of sin,
Many precious souls to Thee.

2 Help us to labor faithfully,
Winning precious souls to Thee,
And gather many sheaves for Thee,
Winning precious souls to Thee.

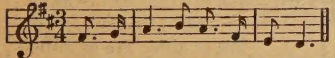
3 We toil with feeble hands and weak,
Winning precious souls to Thee;
To us new faith and courage speak,
Winning precious souls to Thee.

4 As we each day our work pursue,
Winning precious souls to Thee;
Our faith increase, our zeal renew,
Winning precious souls to Thee.

5 We need Thy help, O gracious Lord!
Winning precious souls to Thee;
Go with us, and Thy aid afford,
Winning precious souls to Thee.

6 As we go forth in trust and love,
Winning precious souls to Thee,
Send down Thy blessing from above,
Winning precious souls to Thee.

26



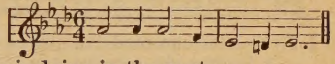
1 There's a word of tender beauty
In the sayings of our Lord,
How it stirs the heart to music,
Waking gratitude's sweet chord;
For it tells me that "Our Father,"
From His throne of royal might,
Bends to note a falling sparrow,
For 'tis precious in His sight.

CHO.—In my Father's blessed keeping,
I am happy, safe and free;
While His eye is on the sparrow
I will not forgotten be.

2 Tho' I'm least of all His children,
So unworthy of His love,
Yet for me there's kind remembrance
In the Father-heart above;
He will ever save and keep me,
He will guide me on the way;
For my Savior gently whispers,
"Are ye not much more than they?"

3 Oh, the wounded hands of Jesus
All the springs of life control,
Is there any ill can harm me
While His blood is on my soul?
Let me, like the little sparrow,
Trust Him where I cannot see,
In the sunshine and the shadow,
Singing "He will care for me."

27



1 Day is dying in the west,
Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

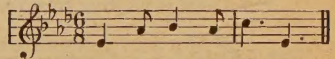
CHO.—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deep'ning shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Thro' the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

4 When forever from our sight,
Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

28



1 Would you shine for Jesus?
Let His love impart
Ardor to your actions,
Comfort to your heart;
With your soul illumin'd
By the Spirit's glow,
You will be a beacon
In this world of woe.

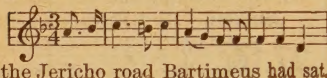
CHO.—‖: Shining for Jesus,
Bringing light divine
To the sad and erring,
Thus for Jesus shine. :‖

2 Would you shine for Jesus,
'Mid the careless throng?
Imitate His graces
As you pass along;
Make no weak surrender

To the coarse and vile;
Keep your tongue from evil,
And your lips from guile.

3 Would you shine for Jesus
As a mirror true?
Image forth His goodness
As revealed in you.
If you thus reflect Him
Till this life is o'er;
You will in His kingdom
Shine for evermore.

29



1 By the Jericho road Bartimeus had sat,
A beggar, for many a day;
But he hears from the throng, as they're passing along,
That Jesus is coming that way.

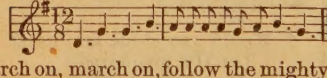
CHO.—‖: He's coming to-day,
He's coming this way;
Oh, sinner, believe and be saved!:‖

2 By the Jericho road Bartimeus had heard
Of cures that the Savior had wrought;
"Will He hear if I cry?" was the thought in his heart;
"Will He heal if by one He's besought?"

3 By the Jericho road Bartimeus cried out,
And oh, to his joy and surprise!
He looked on the beauty and splendor of day,
For Jesus had open'd his eyes.

4 By the Jericho road Bartimeus had faith;
The gift that he prayed for, it gave;
So the sin-burdened soul can to-day be made whole,
For Jesus is waiting to save.

30



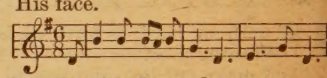
1 March on, march on, follow the mighty Commander;
March on, march on; Jesus our Captain and Lord;
March on, march on; see that your steps never falter,
March on, march on, heeding His ev'ry word.

CHO.—There's a song that blends with pray'r,
There's a shout upon the air.
'Tis a song of grace so free,
'Tis a shout of victory.

2 March on, march on, joyfully singing hosanna;
March on, march on; fighting the battle of faith;
March on, march on; manfully bearing His banner,
March on, march on, faithful e'en unto death.

3 March on, march on, still by His might overcoming;
March on, march on; singing His glory and grace,
March on, march on; till in the heavenly palace,
March on, march on, we shall behold His face.

31

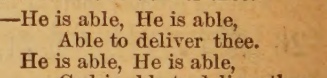


1 I left it all with Jesus, long ago,
All my sins I brought Him and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper "'Tis for Thee,"
‖: From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day! :‖

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop with His smile;
Make the desert garden bloom awhile;
‖: When my weakness leaneth on His might,
All seems light. :‖

3 I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm sure haven of His breast;
‖: Loves esteems it heaven to abide
At His side. :‖

32



1 From ev'ry danger, doubt and fear,
God is able to deliver thee!
His mighty presence ever near,
God is able to deliver thee!

CHO.—He is able, He is able,
Able to deliver thee.
He is able, He is able,
God is able to deliver thee.

2 From fierce temptations' subtle snares,
God is able to deliver thee!
His love is swifter than thy pray'rs,
God is able to deliver thee!

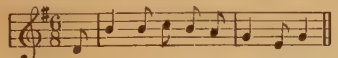
3 In sorrow's dark and heavy night,
God is able to deliver thee!
His word commands the day-spring bright,
God is able to deliver thee!

4 Then trust Him e'en through flood and flame,
God is able to deliver thee!
He liveth ever-more the same,
God is able to deliver thee!

5 When passing thro' the valley chill,
God is able to deliver thee!

His love will be around thee still,
God is able to deliver thee!

33



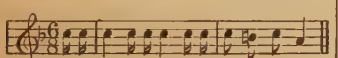
1 The sunshine cheers and illumes my way,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul;
And all my darkness is turned to day,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

CHO.—Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul,
His wonderful peace to my soul,
Sweet peace, sweet peace,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

2 My doubts are vanished, my fears are gone,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul;
Oh, this is heaven on earth begun,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

3 The path grows ever more fair and bright,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul,
Each day brings with it some new delight,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

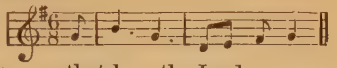
4 What wondrous treasures of love are mine,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul;
What gracious measures of peace divine,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

34

4 Speed away, speed away to the isles of the sea,—
To the lands that are calling to you and to me,
Where souls sit in darkness, yet long for the light
Of the gospel of Jesus to scatter their night.
Oh, hear them, and pity their pleading, I pray,
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

2 Speed away, speed away! There are souls to be won
By the story of God and His Crucified Son.
Go, tell the good news to the lands o'er the wave,
And tell them that Jesus is mighty to save!
Oh, haste on the mission—there's death in delay,
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

3 Speed away, speed away with the message of love.
There's grand work to be done for the Father above.
Go ye forth in His name with the tidings He sends,
Bear the news of God's love to earth's uttermost ends.
For the sake of the souls that need saving to-day,
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

35



1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
‖: Join in a song with sweet accord, :‖
‖: And thus surround the throne. :‖

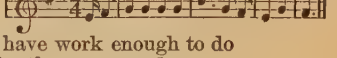
CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
‖: But children of the heav'nly King, :‖
‖: May speak their joys abroad. :‖

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
‖: Before we reach the heav'nly fields, :‖
‖. Or walk the golden streets. :‖

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
‖: We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, :‖
‖: To fairer worlds on high. :‖

36



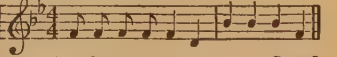
1 I have work enough to do
Ere the sun goes down,
For myself and kindred, too,
Ere the sun goes down.
Ev'ry idle whisper stilling,
With a purpose firm and willing,
All my daily tasks fulfilling
Ere the sun goes down.

CHO.—‖: Ere the sun goes down, :‖
I must do my daily duty
Ere the sun goes down.

2 I must speak the loving word
Ere the sun goes down,
I must let my voice be heard
Ere the sun goes down.
Ev'ry cry of pity heeding,
For the injured interceding,
To the light the lost ones leading
Ere the sun goes down.

3 As I journey on my way,
Ere the sun goes down,
God's commands I must obey
Ere the sun goes down.
There are sins that need confessing,
There are wrongs that need redressing,
If I would obtain the blessing
Ere the sun goes down.

37

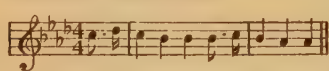


1 Who will be the next to come to Jesus?
Who will be the next with joy to say,
"Swing wide, door of welcome, enter,
Lord, to-day?

CHO.—Who be the next to conscience true?
Who will be the next to dare and do?
Who will be the next? He calls for you,
Who will be the next?

2 Who will be the next to speak for Jesus?
Who will be the next to spread His fame,
Sing glad hallelujah, glory to His name?
CHO.—Who will be the next to call Him King?
Who will be the next His praise to sing?
Who will be the next the heart to bring?
Who will be the next?

3 Who will be the next to live for Jesus?
Walking in the narrow way He trod,
Path of self-denial, leading up to God?
CHO.—Who will be the next the cross to bear?
Who will be the next the toil to share?
Who will be the next the crown to wear?
Who will be the next?

38

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

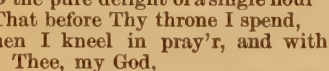
REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach,
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

39



1 Go quickly, go quickly, and bring them in,
They wander in byways of want and sin;
The souls which the Savior has bid you seek,
O hasten to find them, His message speak.

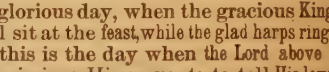
CHO—All things are ready, come in, come in,
Come from the highways and byways of sin;
Haste with the message the straying to win,
Jesus is calling, Come in, come in.

2 Go quickly, go quickly, the hour is late;
The Lord has commanded, how dare you wait?
You carry a light that will show the way;
Go, bear it to those who have gone astray.

3 The glad invitation rings out for all,
There's room at the feast in the banquet hall.
But multitudes never have heard the word;
Go, carry the message, for you have heard.

4 O glorious day, when the gracious King
Shall sit at the feast, while the glad harps ring;
But this is the day when the Lord above
Commissions His servants to tell His love.

40



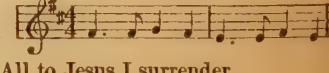
1 Veiled is the future before me;
Life's checkered pathway I climb,
God in His goodness revealing
Only one step at a time.
Will the to-morrow be clouded?
Will it bring sunshine to me?
Let me lean harder, dear Savior,
Let me lean harder on Thee.

CHO.—‖: Let me lean harder on Thee,:‖
Thro' storm and thro' sunshine, dear Savior,
Let me lean harder on Thee.

2 Earth's dearest ties must be broken,
Time's sweetest roses decay;
Words of farewell must be spoken,
Evening will follow the day.
Still, waves of joy roll around me,
Swelling from love's boundless sea,
While I lean harder, dear Savior,
While I lean harder on Thee.

3 Sometime, I'll come to a valley
Where a grim shadow is thrown;
No human friend can go with me,
Leave me, O Lord, not alone!
Till that bright, beautiful morning,
When all the darkness shall flee,
Let me lean harder, dear Savior,
Let me lean harder on Thee.

41



1 All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust, Him,
In His presence daily live.

CHO.—‖:I surrender all,:‖
All to Thee, my blessed Savior,
I surrender all.

2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow,
Worldly pleasures all forsaken,
Take me, Jesus, take me now.

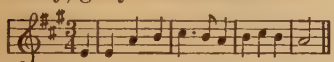
3 All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;

Let me feel the Holy Spirit,
Truly know that Thou art mine.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

42



1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul,
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

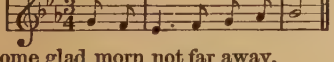
CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait,
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No,"
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

43



1 Some glad morn not far away,
Just beyond this twilight dim,
We shall greet the golden day
With the everlasting hymn.

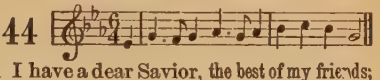
REF.—Some glad day, where flow'rs shall bloom
Nevermore to fade and die,
Some glad day, beyond the tomb,
We shall meet, some golden day.

2 Heart to heart and hand in hand,
Love shall clasp again her own,
In God's sinless summer land
Where good-bye is never known.

3 Fadeless blooms Life's healing tree,
Peaceful flows her silver stream,
Radiant shines her jasper sea;
Glory-crown'd her mansions gleam.

4 Time, speed on eternity;
Angels, guide our weary feet;
Pearly gate, wide open be;
Father waits with welcome sweet.

44



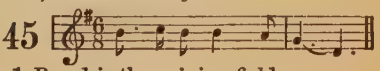
1 I have a dear Savior, the best of my friends;
No other with Christ can compare;
Wherever the lot of my life may be cast,
To comfort and bless He is there.

CHO.—Unspeakably precious is He,
Unspeakably precious to me,
In song and acclaim
I praise the dear name,
So full of love's sweetness to me;
In song and acclaim
I praise the dear name,
Unspeakably precious to me.

2 I sing of His grace and His goodness all day,
The favor and beauty I share;
For Jesus illumines with sunshine my way,
And makes me the child of His care.

3 His love is the light and the joy of my heart,
And brings me contentment and peace;
I never could live from my Jesus apart;
No, I am eternally His.

45



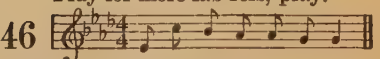
1 Broad is the op'ning field,
Calling for help to-day;
Great is the harvest yield;
Why should the work delay?

CHO.—Up and away, ye toilers!
Gather the golden grain,
Be not a moment idle,
Gather, gather, gather till none shall remain.

2 Few are the willing hearts,
Ready for work to do;
Weak are the lab'ring hands,
Weary the faithful few.

3 Word from the Lord of harvest
Sounds in our ears to-day;
White are the waiting fields,
Pray for more lab'rers, pray.

46



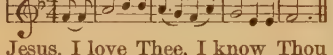
1 Mighty army of the young,
Lift the voice in cheerful song,
Send the welcome word along;
Jesus lives!
Once He died for you and me,
Bore our sins upon the tree,
Now He lives to make us free,
Jesus lives!

CHO.—Wait not till the shadows lengthen,
till you older grow,
Rally now and sing for Jesus,
everywhere you go,
Lift your joyful voices high,
Ringing clear thro' earth and sky,
Let the blessed tidings fly,
Jesus lives!

2 Tongues of children, light and free,
Tongues of youth all full of glee,
Sing to all on land and sea,
Jesus lives!
Light for you and all mankind,
Sight for all by sin made blind,
Life in Jesus all may find,
Jesus lives!

3 Jesus lives, oh, blessed words!
King of kings and Lord of lords!
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords,
Jesus lives!
See, He breaks the prison wall,
Throws aside the dreadful pall,
Conquers death at once for all,
Jesus lives!

47



1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

48

1 O for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Kept, ever kept 'neath the life-giving flow;
Cleans'd from all passion, self-seeking, and pride,
Washed in the fountain of Calvary's tide.

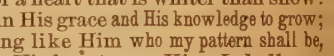
CHO.—O for a heart whiter than snow!
Savior divine, to whom else can I go?
Thou who didst die, loving me so,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

2 O for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Calm in the peace that He loves to bestow;
Daily refreshed by the heavenly dews,
Ready for service whene'er He shall choose.

3 O for a heart that is whiter than snow!
With the pure flame of the spirit aglow;
Filled with a love that is true and sincere,
Love that is able to banish all fear.

4 O for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Then in His grace and His knowledge to grow;
Growing like Him who my pattern shall be,
Till in His beauty my King I shall see.

49



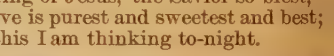
1 Thinking to-night of the world and its care;
Thinking to-night of its pleasures so fair;
Thinking of sin and its woe and despair;
Of these I am thinking to-night.

REF.—Thinking, thinking, thinking to-night,
Turn your feet to the paths of right;
Thinking, thinking, thinking to-night,
Heed ye God's message and come to the light.

2 Thinking of treasures I love here below,
Treasures so fleeting the world doth bestow;
Bitter the harvest from seed-we thus sow;
Of these I am thinking to-night.

3 Thinking of God and the mansions of rest;
Thinking of Jesus, the Savior so blest,
His love is purest and sweetest and best;
Of this I am thinking to-night.

50



1 In the harvest field there is work to do,
For the grain is ripe, and the reapers few;
And the Master's voice bids the workers true
Heed the call that He gives to-day.

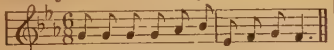
CHO.—Labor on! labor on!
Keep the bright reward in view;
For the Master has said He will strength renew;
Labor on till the close of day.

2 Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright,
Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
Take the place of the golden day.

3 In the gleaners' path may be rich reward,
Tho' the time seems long, and the labor hard;
For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.

4 Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove,
When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,
Calls away to eternal day.

51



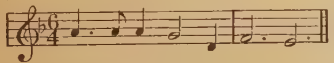
1 Safe in the life-boat I joyfully ride
Out on life's perilous ocean;
Shutting my ears to the roar of the tide,
Peaceful amid its commotion.

CHO.—On to the haven eternal, I glide,
Telling love's wonderful story;
Jesus, my Pilot, remains at my side,
Filling my soul with His glory.

2 Safe in the life-boat I smile at the wave,
Know no repining or sadness;
Since at my side stands the "Mighty to Save,"
His presence fills me with gladness.

3 Safe in the life-boat when tempests arise,
Leaving His presence, no, never;
Jesus, my Pilot, sees where danger lies;
He will sustain me forever.

52



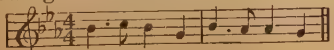
1 Beautiful little treasures,
They were my heart's delight;
Hands like the springtime blossoms,
Daintiest pink and white,
Chubby, and warm, and dimpled;
Oh, could I feel them now!
Softly my cheek caressing,
Patting my aching brow.

CHO.—Dear little hands! Precious hands!
Beautiful baby hands!
I shall clasp them to my heart again,
Those beautiful baby hands.

2 Trying to grasp the sunbeams
Straying about the floor,
Gleefully pulling daisies
Growing around the door,
Tossing with grace unstudied;
Oh, could I only see
Sweet little hands extended,
Eager to come to me!

3 One day the laughing sunbeams,
Bringing the morning's gold,
Saw their fair playmates lying
Snowy, and still, and cold.
Oh, they have found the sunshine,
Dear, blessed baby hands!
I, thro' the dark, catch glimpses,
Knowing God understands.

53



1 Jesus in His temple holy,
Where sweet angel anthems ring,
Dwelleth, too, in temples lowly,
Heareth, too, when mortals sing.

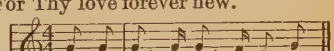
REF.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sing the angel choir to Thee;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! answer we.

Thou hast died from sin to save us,
Died, from death to set us free;
We will thank Thee, we will praise Thee,
Now and through eternity.

2 Sinless hosts in heav'n adore Thee
For the life Thy goodness gave,
And shall we not bow before Thee,
We whom Thou has died to save?

3 King, Creator, Shepherd loving,
Priest, Redeemer, Brother true,
May our lives our love be proving,
For Thy love forever new.

54



1 From the hills and from the valleys,
Rings a glad, triumphant song;
'Tis the hymn of human progress,
In its strife divine with wrong;
'Tis the golden, heav'nly anthem,
Which earth's faithful ones prolong,
Our Christ is strong to save!

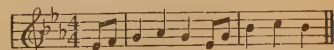
CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
‖: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :‖
Our Christ is strong to save.

2 He who died in pain and sorrow,
That His people might be free;
He who, conqu'ring death and rising,
Captive led captivity,—
He our glorious, living Leader,
Calls us on to victory—
For Christ is strong to save!

3 O the growing, widening wonder
Of the gospel of His grace!
In His world-encircling service,
Ev'ry worker finds a place.
For we only turn dark natures
Toward the brightness of His face;
And Christ is strong to save!

4 He will bid the pow'rs of evil
Crumble to their final fall;
He will raise the bruised and broken,
And set free each prisoned thrall;
Who is he that may not conquer
Since his Lord has conquer'd all?
And Christ is strong to save!

55



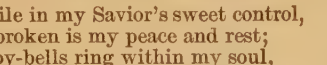
1 Within my soul there rings a chime
Of wondrous song that will not cease,
My Master sets His love to rhyme
In harmonies of joy and peace.

CHO.—Jesus sets the joy-bells ringing,
Jesus sets the joy-bells ringing in my soul.
He takes my sin away, and cheers me day by day,
And He sets the joy-bells ringing in my soul.

2 And day by day and hour by hour
His wondrous love new songs shall claim;
I love to tell His saving pow'r,
And sing the praises of His name.

3 While in my Savior's sweet control,
Unbroken is my peace and rest;
The joy-bells ring within my soul,
I entertain a heav'nly guest.

56



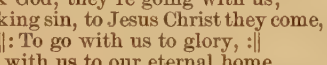
1 Our friends are going with us, and one by one they come
To join the band of pilgrims who seek the heav'nly home;
We welcome them among us, and pledge our warmest love
To help them on the journey to yon bright courts above.

CHO.—Our friends are going with us,
Thank God, they're going with us;
Forsaking sin, to Jesus Christ they come,
‖: To go with us to glory, :‖
To go with us to our eternal home.

2 Another soul has started to live a Christian life;
The weary struggle over, and ended now the strife;
The grace of God has conquered, a soul is saved from sin;
The love of God has triumphed, and Christ has entered in.

3 Another soul delivered from bondage unto sin,
And through the blood of Jesus regenerate and clean;
We give to God the glory who, at this time and place,
Another soul has ransomed, a trophy of His grace.

57



1 I would not live without Thee, not a day;
I need Thy strength to help me all the way;
I would not dare to wander from Thy side,
For storm and danger threaten far and wide.

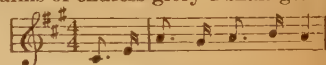
CHO.—I would not live without Thee,
O Savior, Thou art mine;
Thy love makes earth a heaven,
And life to me divine.

2 The world is full of sorrow and of fears,
And many eyes are ever shedding tears,
And hearts are well nigh breaking with their woe,
And many struggle vainly here below.

3 The way is fraught with danger for us all;
O Savior, never leave me lest I fall,
When Thou dost walk beside me I am strong,
To fight the many battles all along.

4 I fear no coming sorrow, light will shine;
There comes with ev'ry morrow help divine,
And when the journey's ended, then I know,
To realms of endless glory I shall go.

58



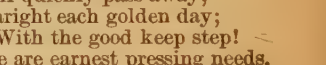
1 Would you gain the best in life?
Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
Hold your place thro' troubles rife?
With the right keep step!
Know the world is watching you;
Be sincere in all you do;
With the good, the pure, and true,
Ever firm keep step!

CHO.—‖:Keep step, keep step ever,:‖
Keep step, keep step,
Keep step, keep step ever.

2 Life is more than idle play;
It will quickly pass away;
Use aright each golden day;
With the good keep step!
There are earnest pressing needs,
Filled alone by purest deeds;
Happy he the call who heeds—
With the true keep step!

3 Look beyond the present hour;
Never yield to Satan's power;
Tho' above the clouds may lower,
With the truth keep step!
Onward press! nor, on the way,
Loiter once or waste the day;
God and truth and right all say:
Strong in faith keep step!

59



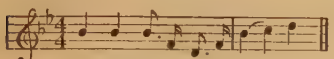
1 Keep praying as you go,
While pilgrims here below,
For evil waits on ev'ry hand;
But Jesus Christ for thee
Shall all sufficient be;
Keep praying as you go.

REF.—‖:Keep praying, praying as you go,:‖
For I thy strength will be,
All fullness dwells in Me.
Keep praying as you go.

2 We wrestle not alone,
The victory's not our own,
We battle in Emanuel's name;
On Him for strength we call—
He conquered once for all;
Keep praying as you go.

3 He's with us to the end,
An ever faithful friend,
Our guide and guard by night and day;

No foe have we to fear,
If Jesus Christ is near;
Keep praying as you go.

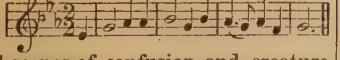
60

1 We are marching on to Canaan,
And Jehovah is our Guide;
We are marching thro' the desert,
He is ever at our side;
In the darkness or the danger
We can never go astray,
With Jehovah for our leader
And our guide upon the way.

CHO.—On, steadily on!
Steadily marching to the happy land of Canaan;
On, steadily on!
Verily guided by Jehovah's hand are we,
Steadily marching to the happy land we go.

2 We are marching thro' the desert,
And the manna all around
With the dew of night is falling,
And is cov'ring all the ground;
From the smitten rock, the waters
In their sparkling fullness flow,
Thus delighting and refreshing
Us the weary journey through.

3 We are marching thro' the desert
To the promised land divine,
To the land of milk and honey,
To the land of corn and wine;
We are marching thro' the desert;
We approach the shining shore;
From our home beyond the Jordan
We shall wander never more.

61



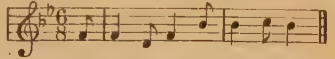
1 Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion of saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

REF.—Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Tho' oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

62



1 O Light of light, shine in, shine in,
Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
Create true day my soul within,
O Light of light, shine in.

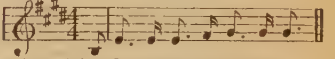
REF.—Shine in, shine in,
O Light divine, shine in;
Create true day my soul within,
O Light of light, shine in.

2 O Joy of joys, come in, come in;
And end this night of grief and sin;
Create true peace my soul within,
O Joy of joys, come in.

REF.—Come in, come in,
O Joy of joys, come in;
Create true peace my soul within,
O Joy of joys, come in.

3 O Life of life, come in, come in;
Expel this night of death and sin;
Awake true life my soul within,
O Life of life, come in.

REF.—Come in, come in,
O Life of life, come in;
Awake true life my soul within,
O Life of life, come in.

63

1 I wandered in the shades of night,
Till Jesus came to me,
And with the sunlight of His love
Bid all my darkness flee.

CHO.—Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day,
Sunlight, sunlight all along the way;
Since the Savior found me, took away my sin,
I have had the sunlight of His love within.

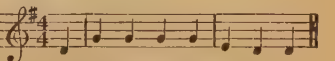
2 Tho' clouds may gather in the sky,
And billows round me roll,
However dark the world may be
I've sunlight in my soul.

3 While walking in the light of God,
I sweet communion find;
I press with holy vigor on,
And leave the world behind.

4 I cross the wide extended fields,
I journey o'er the plain,
And in the sunlight of His love
I reap the golden grain.

5 Soon I shall see Him as He is,
The light that came to me;
Behold the brightness of His face,
Throughout eternity.

64



1 The love of Jesus is so sweet,

And He loves me;
And fills my life with joy complete,
For He loves me.

CHO.—Jesus truly loves me, tenderly
He loves me,
Holy is our fellowship from day to day;
And the path grows brighter, all its burdens lighter,
As we walk together in the King's highway.

2 With manna He my soul doth feed,
For He loves me;
In pleasant pastures He doth lead,
For He loves me.

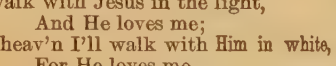
3 He leads me in the shining light,
For He loves me;
Enrobes my soul in garments white,
For He loves me.

4 He takes the love of sin away,
For He loves me;
And keeps me saved from day to day,
For He loves me.

5 What care I, tho' the world revile,
While He loves me;
I'm happy in my Savior's smile,
For He loves me.

6 I walk with Jesus in the light,
And He loves me;
In heav'n I'll walk with Him in white,
For He loves me.

65



1 From the Word of God light is shining
brightly out
O'er life's ocean, tempest-driven,
Guiding past the rocks and the hidden
shoals of doubt
To the blissful port of heaven.

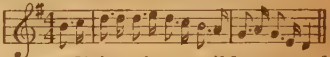
CHO.—The old Book stands! O yes, it
stands!
Firm as a rock 'mid shifting sands!
Billows may run high; tempests sweep
the sky;
Firmly the old Book stands!

2 All its promises are more precious, far,
than gold,
Or than pearls from deepest sea;
"Whosoever will" is the truth it doth
unfold,
Precious truth for you and me.

3 In this precious Book is the dear old
story told
Of the Savior and His love;
And with joy we read of the streets of
purest gold,
The Jerusalem above.

4 Precious Book of life, let us treasure
each command,
Heeding every precept given,
Till the strife is o'er, and victorious we
stand
With the blood-washed throng in heaven.

66



1 I was wand'ring in a wilderness of
deep despair and sin,
And my feet were growing weary of the road;
But my sorrow, doubt and care
Fled when Jesus met me there,
And I learned to trust the promises of God.

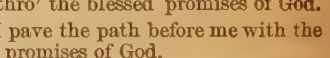
CHO.—I believe the promises of God,
I can trust His never-failing Word,
When earthly hopes shall fail,
Or hosts of sin assail,
I rest upon the promises of God.

2 I was followed by the tempter, as he
watched me day by day,
While I sought the shining path my
Savior trod;
But with panoply and shield,
And the Spirit's sword to wield,
I have conquered thro' the promises of God.

3 After days of joyful dreaming, came a
time of grief and care,
When I sank beneath the heavy chastening rod;
And the heart so torn by grief
Found its comfort and relief
Only thro' the blessed promises of God.

4 So I pave the path before me with the
promises of God,
They have brightened every step my
feet have trod;
And this shining, happy way,
Brightens into perfect day,
Thro' the never-failing promises of God.

67



1 Father, in the morning
Unto Thee I pray,
Let Thy loving kindness
Keep me through this day.

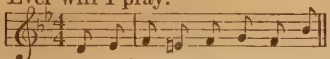
CHO.—I will pray, I will pray,
Ever will I pray;
Morning, noon and evening
Unto Thee I'll pray.

2 At the busy noontide,
Press'd with work and care,
Then I'll wait with Jesus
Till He hear my pray'r.

3 When the evening shadows
Chase away the light,
Father, then I'll pray Thee,
Bless Thy child to-night.

4 Thus in life's glad morning,
In its bright noon-day,

In the shadowy evening,
Ever will I pray.

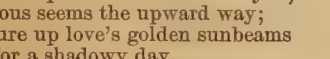
68 

1 There are days of golden sunshine,
When no shadow dims the blue,
When the leaves drink in the brightness,
And the flowers take deeper hue,
When the forest stores the sunbeams
For a shadowy winter day;
Then, O heart of mine, learn lessons
For thine own life's way.

CHO.—Let us treasure up the sunbeams
That the Master sends in love,
For they make the pathway brighter
To the glory land above.

2 There are days of radiant blessing,
When the life is full of song;
When thy courage is undaunted,
And thy heart within is strong;
Heaven's splendor shines about you,
Joyous seems the upward way;
Treasure up love's golden sunbeams
For a shadowy day.

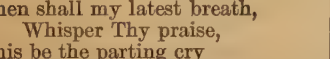
3 Then let joy light up our faces
Tho' the day be e'er so drear,
Jesus' love, like glowing hearth-fire,
Fills the darkest day with cheer;
With thy store of light and gladness
Thou may'st clear the mists of doubt,
And the shades will vanish as you
Let love's sunbeams out.

69 

1 More love to Thee, O Christ;
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
‖: More love to Thee. :‖

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
‖: More love to Thee. :‖

3 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
‖: More love to Thee. :‖

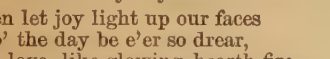
70 

1 We will scatter sunshine everywhere we go,
Lighten other's burdens, lift the weight of woe,
Singing songs of gladness with each passing day,
Driving care and sorrow and darkness away.

CHO.—We are the children of the Prince of Peace,
Scatt'ring the sunshine over this world of His,
Cheering and bright'ning the pathway here below,
Trying to shine for Jesus wherever we go.

2 We will light the pathway for the weak and lone,
And make God's sweet message of salvation known;
We will tell the story of redeeming love,
Pointing all earth's pilgrims to heaven above.

3 We will cheer the weary all the way along,
Thrill their hearts with courage and inspiring song;
Comfort them and bless them, love and help bestow;
Tell the love of Jesus wherever we go.

71 

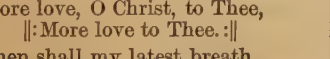
1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

CHO.—In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and Morning Star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting, ever,
Till I reach the golden strand.
Just beyond the river.

72 

CHO.—We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
His holy arm spread o'er us.

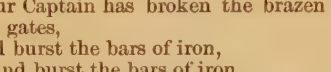
1 We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
With armor bright to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night

That the sons of the day may greet Him,
The sons of the day may greet Him.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet His salvation;
Our banner the cross of Calvary;
Our watchword, the incarnation;
Our watchword, the incarnation.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron,
And burst the bars of iron.

73



1 I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.

CHO.—Coming home, coming home,
Never more to roam;
Open wide Thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.

2 I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.

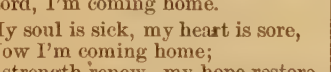
3 I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

74



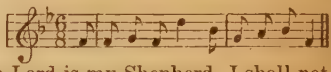
1 Whoever receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have,
For He is abundantly able to save.

CHO.—My brother! the Master is calling for thee;
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave,
And He is abundantly able to save.

2 Whoever receiveth the message of God,
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleansing blood,
A full and eternal redemption shall have,
For He is both able and willing to save.

3 Whoever repents and forsakes ev'ry sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect salvation shall have,
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

75



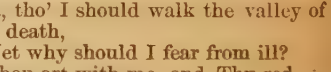
1 The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

CHO.—His yoke is easy, His burden is light,
I've found it so, I've found it so.
He leadeth me, by day and by night,
Where living waters flow.

2 My soul crieth out, "restore me again,
And give me the strength to take
The narrow path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake."

3 Yea, tho' I should walk the valley of death,
Yet why should I fear from ill?
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

76



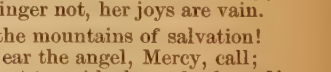
1 Are you tenting on the lowlands
Of the fated, flow'ry plain?
Are you nearing life's high mountains,
As the night comes on again?

CHO.—Keep tenting toward the highlands,
Each evening nearer home;
Keep tenting toward the highlands,
Keep tenting nearer home.

2 Does old Sodom in her glory
Beckon you with ease or gain?
Heed her awful judgment story;
Linger not, her joys are vain.

3 To the mountains of salvation!
Hear the angel, Mercy, call;
Do not tarry! look not backward!
Hasten on ere vengeance fall.

77



1 When Jesus comes to reward His servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

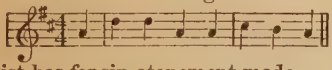
REF.—Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will He answer thee—Well done?

3 Have we been true to the trust He left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In His glory they shall share;
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will He find us watching there?

78



1 Christ has for sin atonement made,
What a wonderful Savior!
We are redeemed! the price is paid,
What a wonderful Savior!

CHO.—What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Lord!

2 I praise Him for the cleansing blood,
What a wonderful Savior!
That reconciled my soul to God,
What a wonderful Savior!

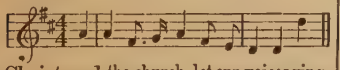
3 He cleansed my heart from all its sin,
What a wonderful Savior!
And now He reigns and rules therein,
What a wonderful Savior!

4 He walks beside me in the way,
What a wonderful Savior!
And keeps me faithful day by day,
What a wonderful Savior!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Savior!
And triumph in each conflict hour,
What a wonderful Savior!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Savior!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Savior!

79



1 For Christ and the church let our voices ring,
Let us honor the name of our own blessed King,
Let us work with a will in the strength of youth,
And loyally stand for the kingdom of truth.

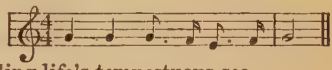
CHO.—For Christ our dear Redeemer,
For Christ who died to save,
For the church His blood hath purchased,
Lord, make us pure and brave.

2 For Christ and the church be our earnest prayer,
Let us follow His banner, the cross daily bear,
Let us yield, wholly yield, to His Spirit's power,
And faithfully serve Him in life's brightest hour.

3 For Christ and the church willing offrings make,
Time and talents and gold, for the dear Master's sake;
We'll remember the best we can bring to Him,
The heart's wealth of love, that will never grow dim.

4 For Christ and the church let us cast aside,
By His conquering grace, chains of self, fear and pride;
May our lives be enriched by an aim so grand,
Then happy the call to the Savior's right hand.

80



1 Sailing life's tempestuous sea,
We behold beyond the lea
Heaven's bright and evergreen shore,
Where the tempests rage no more.

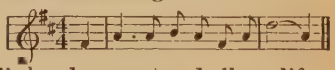
CHO.—Evergreen shore, evergreen shore;
We behold, the evergreen shore,
Evergreen shore, evergreen shore,
Where the tempests rage no more.

2 Where the billows fiercely roll,
And we fear the treach'rous shoal,
Faith beholds the evergreen shore,
Where the storms alarm no more.

3 Tho' the clouds be dark as night,
Tho' our barque be frail and light,
We shall reach the evergreen shore,
Where all danger will be o'er.

4 When at last we reach the land,
Where the saints in glory stand,
On the tranquil evergreen shore,
We shall sin and sigh no more.

81



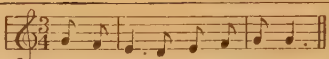
1 God's love has sweetened all my life
With gladness more and more;
And still, tho' bright the days have been,
'Tis better on before.

CHO.—'Tis better still better,
Far better on before;
'Tis better, yes, better,
'Tis better on before.

2 So blest am I, my cup of joy
Is daily running o'er;
And yet I learn, with each new day,
'Tis better on before.

3 For God's sweet gift of perfect peace
His goodness I adore,
And onward reach to deeper joys;
'Tis better on before.

4 It does not seem that my dear Lord
Of love could give me more,
But larger measures He bestows:
'Tis better on before.

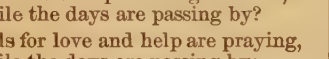
82

1 There are lives our love may brighten,
While the days are passing by;
There are cares that we may lighten,
While the days are passing by.
For around us everywhere,
Men their sins and burdens bear,
And these burdens we may share,
While the days are passing by.

CHO.—Passing by, passing by,
While the days are passing by,
O the good we all may do,
While the days are passing by!

2 Some are fainting on the highways,
While the days are passing by;
Some are falling in the by-ways,
While the days are passing by.
Weary wanderers in sin
To the Savior we may win;
Shall we help to bring them in,
While the days are passing by?

3 Souls for love and help are praying,
While the days are passing by;
Should our help be still delaying,
While the days are passing by?
Up, ye faithful souls and true,
There are calls to me and you!
Much of good we all may do,
While the days are passing by.

83



1 Sav'd to the uttermost; I am the Lord's;
Jesus, my Savior, salvation affords;
Gives me His Spirit a witness within,
Whisp'ring of pardon and saving from sin.

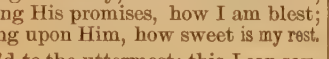
REF.—Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the uttermost;
Sav'd, sav'd, by power divine;
Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the uttermost;
Jesus, the Savior is mine.

2 Sav'd to the uttermost; Jesus is near,
Keeping me safely, He casteth out fear;
Trusting His promises, how I am blest;
Leaning upon Him, how sweet is my rest.

3 Sav'd to the uttermost; this I can say,
Once all was darkness, but now it is day;
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me.

4 Sav'd to the uttermost; cheerfully sing
Loud halleluias to Jesus, my King!
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His blood,
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God!

84



1 The cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes His face.

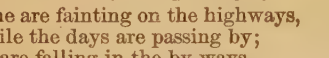
CHO.—The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;
I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer ev'ry foe.

2 The thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me,
The cup that I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

3 The light of His love shineth brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe,
The toil of my work groweth lighter,
As I stoop to raise the low.

4 His will I have joy in fulfilling,
As I'm walking in His sight,
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

85



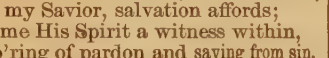
1 What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

REF.—Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

86



1 Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

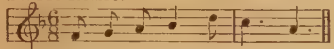
CHO.—Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I cannot know,
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.

2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
Tho' His hand may lead me over dearest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the dark'ning shadows round about me creep;

Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

87



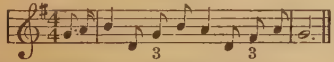
1 Jesus, the loving Shepherd,
Calleth thee now to come
Into the fold of safety,
Where there is rest and room;
Come in the strength of manhood,
Come in the morn of youth,
Enter the fold of safety,
Enter the way of truth.

CHO.—Lovingly, tenderly calling is He,
"Wanderer, wanderer, come unto me;"
Patiently waiting, there standing I see
Jesus, my Shepherd divine.

2 Jesus, the loving Shepherd,
Gave His dear life for thee;
Tenderly now He's calling,
"Wanderer, come to me:"
Haste! for without is danger,
"Come," cries the Shepherd blest,
Enter the fold of safety,
Enter the place of rest.

3 Lingering is but folly,
Wolves are abroad to-day,
Seeking the sheep who're straying,
Seeking the lambs to slay;
Jesus, the loving Shepherd,
Calleth thee now to come,
Enter the fold of safety,
Where there is rest and room.

88



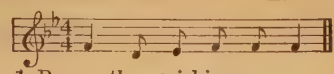
1 There are souls, perishing souls, over the sea,
Perishing souls in our own native land;
Bearing the message of love everlasting and free,
Let us reach them a kind, helping hand.

CHO.—Perishing souls, over the sea;
Jubilant songs floating over the waves,
Carry the joy, wonderful joy,
Carry the news, glorious news, Jesus saves.

2 Blessed work, beautiful work, children of light,
Gratefully tell of the Master we love,
Witnessing daily of Him who hath scattered our night,
And prepares us for mansions above.

3 Lift the cross, Calvary's cross! near and afar,
Numberless hearts shall acknowledge its pow'r;
Hasten the day when the nations shall follow His star,
Hail the dawn of the bright, golden hour.

89



1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

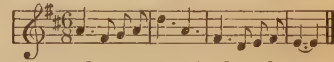
CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Tho' they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it,
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide.
Back to the narrow way,
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

90



1 Some mortals may wonder how heaven can bend
Down, down to the lowly and speak as a friend;
Some ask us the question how justice can spare;
Go, search in the Scriptures, Love's reason is there.

CHO.—Love's reason is ample, Love's measure is full;
Sins deeper than scarlet shall be white as wool.
Come, wash in the fountain of cleansing for sin;
White, white as a snowflake thou shalt be within.

2 Sinful and unworthy all men we behold,
Guilty of transgression, strayed far from the fold;
Why should they be ransom'd at infinite cost?
Why should the Good Shepherd seek after the lost?

3 Where now are the treasures of heart and of mind,
Once lavished upon thee by heaven so kind?

Why seeketh the Savior a heart so defiled?
Why yearns He to save thee, O prodigal child?

4 Love tenderly pleadeth, "Soul, open the door!
Thy Savior would enter to leave thee no more."
All heaven is waiting thine answer to know;
How can'st thou refuse Him who loveth thee so?

91

1 There's a place above all others,
Where my spirit loves to be!
'Tis within the sacred shadow
Of the cross of Calvary!

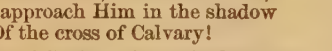
CHO.—In the shadow of the cross,
In the shadow of the cross,
There my spirit loves to be,
In the shadow of the cross.

2 On the cross my Savior suffered,
That He might atone for me!
And I love the blessed shadow
Of the cross of Calvary!

3 When my heart is full of trouble,
Then I love, on bended knee,
To approach Him in the shadow
Of the cross of Calvary!

4 Blessed Savior, Thou wilt hear me
When I make my earnest plea
If I kneel within the shadow
Of the cross of Calvary!

92



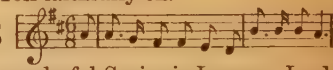
1 Ye toilers for Jesus, be earnest to-day,
Toil faithfully on;
The harvest is ready, then hasten away;
The sheaves must be garnered, oh, why should we stay?
Go gather the souls that have wandered astray,
Toil faithfully on.

CHO.—Toil patiently on, Toil faithfully on,
Toil earnestly on, Toil lovingly on;
Toil on till the labor of life shall be done,
And many to Christ and His kingdom be won,
To shine with a glory more bright than the sun,
Toil faithfully on.

2 The cry of the sad and the sorrowing hear,
Toil faithfully on;
A woe you may lighten and banish a tear,
Or brighten a life that is lonely and drear,
There's many a heart you may comfort and cheer,
Toil faithfully on.

3 To Jesus be loyal, to Jesus be true,
Toil faithfully on;
Seek daily some work in the vineyard to do;
The harvest is great and the lab'rers are few,
And Jesus has need, earnest toiler, of you,
Toil faithfully on.

93



1 A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
A wonderful Savior to me,
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of pleasure I see.

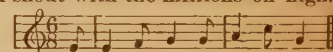
CHO.—He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life in the depths of His love,
‖: And covers me there with His hand. :‖

2 A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
He taketh my burden away,
He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved,
He giveth me strength as my day.

3 With numberless blessings each moment he crowns,
And filled with His fullness divine,
I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God
For such a Redeemer as mine!

4 When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise
To meet Him in clouds of the sky,
His perfect salvation, His wonderful love,
I'll shout with the millions on high.

94



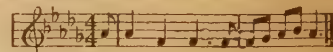
1 In wondrous grace, He took my place
Upon the cruel tree;
He bore my guilt, His blood He spilt
From sin to set me free.

CHO.—Glory to God, my Savior is He!
In His great love He saves even me!
Soon I shall see Him face to face,
Praise Him in heav'n for all of His grace.

2 From heav'n above, in wondrous love,
To save the lost He came;
The Lamb of God! He shed His blood
Upon the cross of shame.

3 We hail the hour of wondrous pow'r
When from the grave He rose,
And rent in twain sin's mighty chain,
And triumphed o'er His foes.

95



1 When cherished joys have taken wing,
And sorrow wounds me with its sting,
Then to Thy cross for help I cling,
For then I need Thee, Lord!

CHO.—I need Thee, precious Lord!
I have no help beside;
In every time of need,
Dear Christ, with me abide!

2 When sin disturbs my holy peace,
And leaves my soul in sore distress,

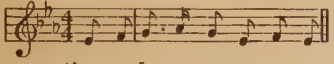
To be restored to happiness,
I need Thee, precious Lord.

3 When longs my soul for deeper rest,
To be with all Thy fullness blest,
To be of perfect peace possessed,
Oh, then I need Thee, Lord.

4 When strong temptations me assail,
And o'er my will almost prevail,
Lest faith and courage then should fail,
I need Thee, gracious Lord.

5 I need Thee, dearest Lord, just now
While at Thy throne of grace I bow;
To help me pay to Thee my vow,
I need Thee, my dear Lord.

96



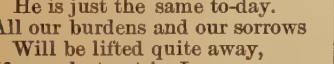
1 There are times when we grow weary
Of the burdens of the day,
When we long to have them lightened,
Or be lifted quite away.
Then a sweet voice seems to whisper,
"All the load upon me lay.
When on earth I bore men's burdens—
I am just the same to-day!"

CHO.—He is just the same to-day,
Yes, He's just the same to-day,
Our blessed Lord and Savior,
He is just the same to-day.
All our burdens and our sorrows
Will be lifted quite away,
If we only trust in Jesus,
For He's just the same to-day.

2 Oh, the thought is full of comfort
To the heart that's weary grown.
He who knew and bore men's sorrows,
Leaves us not to walk alone.
His great heart is touched with pity,
And He wipes our tears away;
Oh, this Christ who wept with Mary—
He is just the same to-day!

3 Heart of mine, what are thy burdens
To the burden of the Cross?
Canst thou not be stronger, braver?—
Better bear earth's pain and loss?
Oh, remember and take courage,
He is never far away
Whom they called the Friend of sinners—
He is just the same to-day!

97



1 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated off'ring,
Thine evermore to be.

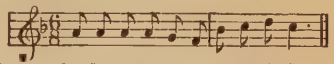
CHO.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Savior,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 Oh, let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble off'ring,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood;
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

98



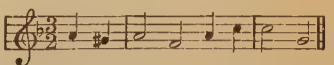
1 Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord,
Go tell the world of His love;
Publish the blessings that flow from His word,
Go tell the world of His love;
Love that has purchased redemption from sin,
Love that makes happy the spirit within,
Love that will help us our conquest to win,
Go tell the world of His love.

CHO.—Go tell the world, Go tell the world,
Go tell the world of His love,
Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord,
Go tell the world of His love.

2 Think how He labor'd that we might have rest,
Go tell the world of His love;
Think how He suffer'd that we might be bless'd,
Go tell the world of His love;
Saved by His mercy, upheld by His care,
Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Fill'd with His fullness, no longer forbear,
Go tell the world of His love.

3 Plead with the lost ones to come while they may,
Go tell the world of His love;
Jesus is waiting, He'll save them to-day,
Go tell the world of His love;
Love that is nearest when earth joys are past,
Lighting our pathway by clouds overcast;
Love that will bring us to glory at last,
Go tell the world of His love.

99



1 Savior, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my pow'rs to Thee surrender,
Thine and only Thine to be.

CHO.—Savior, take me, Savior, take me,
Make and keep me all Thine own,
Till Thy perfect likeness wearing,
I shall stand before Thy throne.

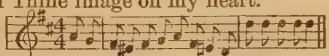
2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my wayward heart be Thine,
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace thro' life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 Thine I am, O Lord, forever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never,
Seal Thine image on my heart.

100



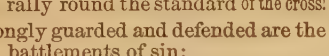
1 There is need of valiant soldiers in the army of the Lord,
To rally round the standard of the cross;
With a holy consecration and unwav-'ring faith in God,
Oh, rally round the standard of the cross!

CHO.—Round the standard rally, at the Master's word;
It must never know defeat or suffer loss;
Round the standard rally for your sov'reign Lord;
Oh, rally round the standard of the cross!

2 Strongly guarded and defended are the battlements of sin;
Oh, rally round the standard of the cross!
But with Christ our blest Commander, we the victory shall win;
Oh, rally round the standard of the cross!

3 All good angels will go with you, and the Captain of the host;
Then, rally round the standard of the cross!
And your crown be gemm'd with jewels for the rescue of the lost;
Then, rally round the standard of the cross!

101



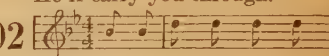
1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions;
Bad language disdain;
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown;
Thro' faith we will conquer,
Tho' often cast down.
He who is our Savior,
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

102



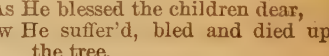
1 There's a dear and precious book,
Tho' it's worn and faded now,
Which recalls the happy days of long ago,
When I stood at mother's knee,
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

CHO.—Blessed book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear-stain'd leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to the bright home above.

2 There she read of Jesus' love,
As He blessed the children dear,
How He suffer'd, bled and died upon the tree,
Of His heavy load of care;
Then she dried my flowing tear
With her kisses as she said it was for me.

3 Well, those days are past and gone,
But their mem'ry lingers still,
And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;
And I seek to do His will,
As my mother taught me then,
And ever in my heart His words abide.

103



1 I am passing down the valley that they say is so lone,
But I find that all the pathway is with flow'rs overgrown;
'Tis to me the vale of Beulah, 'tis a beautiful way,
For the Savior walks beside me, my companion all day.

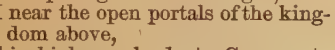
CHO.—Vale of Beulah! Vale of Beulah!
Thou art precious to me;
For the lovely land of Canaan in the distance I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever darkens the way,
For a radiance of rare glory shines upon it all day,
And the music, sweetly chanted by the heaven-bound throng,
Floats in echoes down the valley, and it cheers me along.

3 Day by day I feel the presence of the
dear Savior near,
And each moment fills with gladness as
His kind voice I hear;
For He comforts and He helps me by
the words that He saith,
And He kindles love within me, and He
strengthens my faith.

4 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward
the City of Light,
While each day my joy is deeper, and
the path grows more bright,
And I near the open portals of the king-
dom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to
the kingdom of love.

104



1 Thro' the shining gate,
Where the angels wait,
When the saints are marching in,
The redeemed shall come
And be crowned at home,
When the saints are marching in.

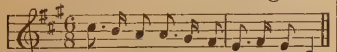
CHO.—When the saints are marching in,
When the saints are marching in,
What a wonderful chorus thro' the
sky shall ring,
When the saints are marching in.

2 Parted friends shall meet
On the golden street,
When the saints are marching in,
Spotless robes shall wear,
Victors' palms shall bear,
When the saints are marching in.

3 Ev'ry tongue and race
Shall extol God's grace,
When the saints are marching in,
And the blood-washed throng
Shall repeat the song,
When the saints are marching in.

4 To the Lamb once slain,
But who lives again,
When the saints are marching in,
We shall offer praise
Thro' eternal days,
When the saints are marching in.

105



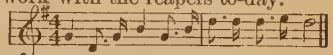
1 Harvester, harvester, gather thy sheaves,
The Master is coming this way;
My heart o'er its folly and idleness grieves,
And hours it has squandered away.

CHO.—Gather, gather, gather the sheaves,
Bound in the harvest by thee;
O soul, if thy hand hath plucked nothing
but leaves,
O what shall the recompense be?

2 Harvester, harvester, faithful to God,
Go seek by the wayside and find
The wheat that has grain 'mid the
brambles that nod,—
The wheat for the sheaves you would bind.

3 Harvester, harvester, loiter no more,
But think what the Master would say;
Go gather the sheaves till the harvest is o'er;
Go work with the reapers to-day.

106



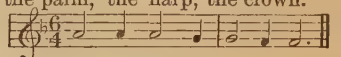
1 Hark, 'tis the Master! He's calling you to-day,
Follow where His voice is guiding;
Look for His footprints along the heav'n-
ward way,
Follow where His voice is guiding.
He who lives forevermore,
Trod this earthly path before,
Knows its dangers, knows its grief,
He will send your soul relief.

CHO.—‖:Follow, follow where His voice
is guiding, :‖
Follow where His voice is guiding,
Follow, follow, follow on.

2 New fields of blessing will open to your view,
Follow where His voice is guiding;
Seeking His Spirit, your daily strength renew,
Follow where His voice is guiding.
Pressing onward, glad and free,
Sweeter will His service be,
Richer His rewards of love,
Foretastes of the feast above.

3 What tho' temptations may beckon you aside?
Follow where His voice is guiding;
Under His banner in loyalty abide,
Follow where His voice is guiding.
Though the way seem hard and long,
Faith will sing her cheery song;
Soon we'll lay the burdens down,
Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

107



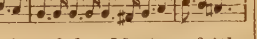
1 More like Jesus would I be;
Let my Savior dwell in me—
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be—
Let my Savior dwell in me.

2 If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call;
He will teach me how to live,
All my simple tho'ts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Savior dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,

May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide;
Born of Him, thro' grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Savior dwell in me.

108



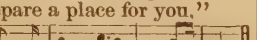
1 Blessed promise of the Master, faithful, true in ev'ry line, [divine,
Coming from a heart of mercy, spoken by the lips
Cheering hearts for comfort seeking, making earth with hope to shine:
"I go to prepare a place for you."

CHO.—"And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again, I will come again,
And receive you unto myself,
That where I am, there ye may be also."

2 Many sad ones look with longing to the land from sorrow free,
To the bright, eternal country just beyond death's narrow sea,
To the promise which assures them that His own with Him shall be:
"I go to prepare a place for you."

3 At the dawning of the morning when the bells of heaven ring,
And the Savior comes in glory home His faithful ones to bring,
They will reign with Him forever, 'tis the promise of the King:
"I go to prepare a place for you."

109



1 There's a Feast by Jesus spread,
And by Him prepared for all;
And your Lord inviteth you;
Will you heed His loving call?

CHO.—‖: Whosoever will may come, :‖
Will you heed the Savior's call?
Whosoever will may come.

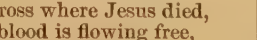
2 There's a Fount, a living stream,
Ever flowing, deep and wide;
Come and drink, ye thirsty souls,
Of the pure, life-giving tide.

CHO.—‖: Whosoever will may come, :‖
To the fountain, deep and wide,
Whosoever will may come.

3 There's a Cross where Jesus died,
Where the blood is flowing free,
Where is cleansing for the soul,
Perfect peace and purity.

CHO.—‖: Whosoever will may come, :‖
Will you come for purity?
Whosoever will may come.

110



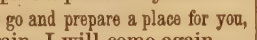
1 Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds
Along the fertile field.
For grain will grow from what you sow,
And fruitful harvest yield.

CHO.—Then day by day along your way,
The seeds of promise cast,
That ripened grain from hill and plain
Be gathered home at last.

2 Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years,
The seed will surely live;
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost,
For God will fruitage give.

3 The harvest home of God will come,
And after toil and care,
With joy untold, your sheaves of gold
Will all be garnered there.

111



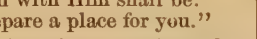
1 O hear the message glad and sweet!
He who on Christ believeth,
And trusteth Him with all the heart,
Eternal life receiveth.

CHO.—For God so lov'd the world
That His only Son He gave
That whosoever on His name believes,
Everlasting life shall have.

2 O hear the message once again,
The message of salvation,
Of pardon free to sinful men
Of ev'ry land and nation.

3 O hear the message fraught with joy!
God His dear Son has given,
That all who come to Him in faith
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

112



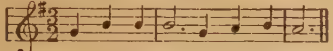
1 Listen to the wondrous story
Of a better world above;
'Tis a paradise of glory
Fill'd with endless peace and love;
All the fruitage of its bowers,
All its fragrant flowers rare,
All its rich delights are promised
To the saints who gather there.

CHO.—Hallelujah for the prospect
That when duty's path is trod,
We shall dwell amid the splendors
Of the paradise of God.

2 By the crystal flowing river,
All its ripples flashing bright,
There the sav'd shall dwell forever,
Clad in garments pure and white;
There are leaves of wondrous healing
Growing by the river side,
Perfect health and beauty yielding
Unto those who there abide.

3 There will be no unfilled longing,
Nor an unavailing pray'r;
Ev'ry heart will thrill with gladness,
Joy will banish pain and care;
There the seeker finds his treasure.

There the pilgrim finds his goal,
God will satisfy His children
In the home-land of the soul.

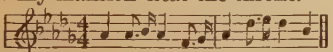
113 

1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine,
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

114 

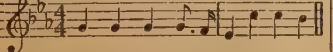
1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Savior,
Trying to follow our Savior and King;
Shaping our lives by His blessed example,
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.

CHO.—How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior,
‖: Stepping in the light, :‖
How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior,
Led in paths of light.

2 Pressing more closely to Him who is leading,
When we are tempted to turn from the way;
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbearance,
Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and love,
Looking to Him for the grace freely promised,
Happy, how happy, our journey above.

4 Trying to walk in the steps of the Savior,
Upward, still upward we'll follow our Guide;
When we shall see Him, "the King in His beauty,"
Happy, how happy, our place at His side.

115 

1 Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where Thy footprints falling
Lead us to Thee.

CHO.—Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where'e'er they go.

2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking His sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

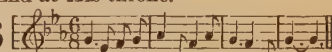
3 If they lead thro' the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 Tho', dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
We follow Thee
Thro' the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!

5 If Thy way and its sorrows sharing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hillside, bearing
Our cross of pain.

6 By and by, thro' the shining portals
Turning our feet,
We shall walk, with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden street.

7 Then at last, when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.

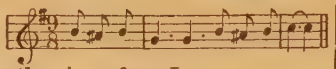
116 

1 O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin,
Near, near is the lifeboat! Will ye not enter in?
Wild storms are around you raging, why then delay?
Why do you not grasp the line for rescue to-day?

CHO.—‖: Lay hold on the life-line! :‖
Christ can save the perishing from sinking 'neath the wave;
‖: Lay hold on the life-line! :‖
Jesus Christ can rescue you, for He has pow'r to save.

2 See! there is a signal gleaming bright from the shore;
Hark! voices are calling 'mid the loud tempest's roar;
Look! there is a life-line floating close by your side,
This, this is your only hope, there's no help beside.

3 Soul, you are in reach of safety, helpers are near;
This faith should your courage strengthen—lo! God is here;
While now there is hope of rescue, reach forth the hand,
Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

117

1 Over the river, faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

CHO.—Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear ones in glory, looking this way.

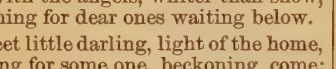
2 Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boatman wait for the sail
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor, near to their side.

3 Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others, coming some time;
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting below.

4 Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for some one, beckoning come;
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

5 Jesus the Savior, bright Morning Star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar;
Hear the glad message; why will you roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

118

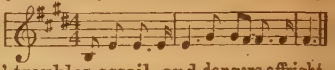


1 "Hosanna! hosanna!" the children were singing,
Singing in Zion, the city so fair;
"Hosanna! hosanna!" glad echoes were ringing,
Cheerily floating upon the soft air.
Beautiful blossoms the breezes perfuming,
Sprang at His feet, as the Master passed by;
But lilies far sweeter for Jesus are blooming,
Wherever praises ascend to the sky.

2 Hosanna! hosanna! the birds in the wildwood
Honor their Maker with carols of glee;
Hosanna! hosanna! the voices of childhood
Blend in a chorus more joyous and free.
"Who's this that cometh, so meek and so lowly?"
Multitudes question; and children reply,
"'Tis Jesus of Nazareth, blessed and holy,
Jesus, the Son of our Father on high."

3 Hosanna! hosanna! the palm waved before Him,
Green, budding branches were strewn in His way;
Hosanna! hosanna! we, too, would adore Him,
Gratefully bringing love's offering to-day.
Glory forever to Thee, risen Savior!
Still in Thy temple the little ones sing;
Now smile on our praises and grant us Thy favor;
Glory to Thee, our Redeemer and King!

119



1 Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

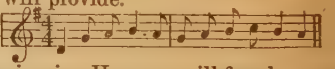
CHO.—‖:Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,:‖
Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Will joy in the God of my salvation.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fear, we triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

120



1 Jesus is mine, He never will forsake me;
Jesus is mine, no evil can o'ertake me;
I seek His kindly face,
I trust Him for His grace,
O no, He never will forsake me.

CHO.—No, no, no. He never will forsake me;
No, no, no, no evil can o'ertake me;
His love will ever last,
Till all of earth is past;
O no, He never will forsake me.

2 Jesus is mine, He never will deceive me;
Jesus is mine, His words shall never grieve me;
I know His love is true,
And what He says, He'll do,
O no, He never will deceive me.

CHO.—No, no, no, He never will deceive me;
No, no, no, His words shall never grieve me;
I know His love is true,
And what He says, He'll do;
O no, He never will deceive me.

3 Jesus is mine, He never will desert me;
Jesus is mine, no grief can ever hurt me;

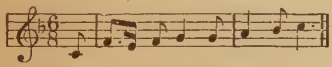
For on His throbbing breast
I can most sweetly rest,
O no, He never will desert me.

CHO.—No, no, no, He never will desert me;
No, no, no, no grief can ever hurt me;
For on His throbbing breast
I can most sweetly rest;
O no, He never will desert me.

4 Jesus is mine, He never will reject me;
Jesus is mine, His blood will e'er protect me;
And when before the throne,
I shall not stand alone,
O no, He never will reject me.

CHO.—No, no, no, He never will reject me;
No, no, no, His blood will e'er protect me;
And when before His throne,
I shall not stand alone;
No, no, He never will reject me.

121



1 We've 'listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life our guiding star,
Battling for the Lord!

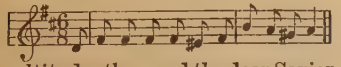
CHO.—‖:We'll work till Jesus comes,:‖
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 We've girded on our armor bright,
Battling for the Lord!
Our Captain's word our strength and might,
Battling for the Lord!

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,
Battling for the Lord!
And nobly fight, but never yield,
Battling for the Lord!

4 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Battling for the Lord!

122



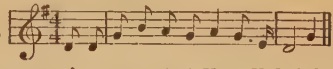
1 As multitudes thronged the dear Savior one day,
A woman press'd near to His side,
And tho' but the the hem of His garment she touched,
Was filled with a live-giving tide.

CHO.—Touch with faith the living Savior,
Touch and be made whole;
Find in Christ eternal life,
And healing for thy soul.

2 So hearts that are broken again may be whole,
The burdened may find a release,
The battle with self, and the tumult within,
Be hushed by His infinite peace.

3 The Lord is unchangeable, ever the same;
He healeth to-day as of old;
Then seek Him, ye weary, and trusting
His love,
Receive of His riches untold.

123



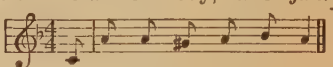
1 I have precious news to tell, hallelujah!
Christ has come with me to dwell, hallelujah!
By His grace and pow'r divine,
He has changed this heart of mine,
And He whispers, "I am thine," hallelujah!

CHO.—Hallelujah! I'm redeem'd!
Oh, so wondrously redeem'd!
I'm rejoicing night and day,
As I walk the narrow way,
For He washed my sins away,
hallelujah!

2 It was Christ's redemption blood, hallelujah!
That restored my soul to God, hallelujah!
He the cleansing stream applied,
Flowing from His wounded side;
I am saved and justified, hallelujah!

3 I have found a precious friend, hallelujah!
On whose help I can depend, hallelujah!
Since He took my sins away,
He has taught me how to pray,
And to do His will each day, hallelujah!

124



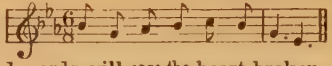
1 By thousands now rejected,
By few is Jesus own'd;
The multitude to pleasure turns away;
But there's a morn expected
When He shall be enthron'd,
The King Emanuel's glorious crowning day.

CHO.—That dreadful day is coming,
That fearful day is coming;
O sinner, dare you still delay?
That joyful day is coming,
That happy day is coming,
The final day of summing,
Glad Crowning Day!

2 Behold the Man of Sorrows
In anguish on the tree!
For you He left His glorious home above;
Why longer anguish borrow,
If He has made you free
By off'ring up Himself in tender love.

3 Lay down your pride and pleasure,
Lay down your sin and shame;
Accept the gracious offer while you may;
There's peace that passeth measure,
Believing on His name,
There's safety in the glorious crowning day.

125



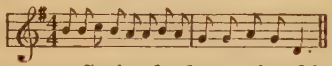
1 Kind words will ease the heart-broken,
Kind words will comfort the sad,
Give of affection a token,
And make the sorrowful glad.

CHO.—Kind words will comfort the young and the old,
Like the sweet fragrance the flowers unfold;
As you go on to the city of gold;
Scatter kind words by the way.

2 Kind words bring balm to the weary,
Kind words bring strength to the weak,
Brighten the lives of the dreary,
Courage to fainting ones speak.

3 Kind words will bring back the erring,
Kind words the wand'rer will win,
Thro' them the Spirit is stirring
Souls who are slumb'ring in sin.

126



1 Where my Savior leads me in this changing world below,
I will follow on, I will follow on;
While He walks before me, tho' the way I do not know,
I will follow on, follow on.

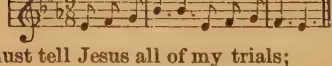
CHO.—Follow on, follow on,
Follow where the Savior in the way before has gone,
Till I rest beside Him, up in heaven's golden dawn,
I will follow on, follow on.

2 Tho' the world entreat me and tho' pleasure bid me stay,
I will follow on, I will follow on;
Tho' the road be rugged, and tho' thorny be the way,
I will follow on, follow on.

3 Tho' my friends forsake me and I seem to be alone,
I will follow on, I will follow on;
Knowing that my Savior can for ev'rything atone,
I will follow on, follow on.

4 Tho' He leads in sunshine till I walk on earth no more,
I will follow on, I will follow on;
Or tho' darkness hide me, till I reach the golden shore
I will follow on, follow on.

127



1 I must tell Jesus all of my trials;
I cannot bear these burdens alone;
In my distress he kindly will help me;
He ever loves and cares for His own.

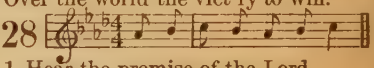
CHO.—‖: I must tell Jesus! :‖
I cannot bear my burdens alone;
‖: I must tell Jesus! :‖
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

2 I must tell Jesus all of my troubles;
He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
If I but ask Him, He will deliver,
Make of my troubles quickly an end.

3 Tempted and tried, I need a great Savior,
One who can help my burdens to bear;
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;
He all my cares and sorrows will share.

4 O how the world to evil allures me!
O how my heart is tempted to sin!
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me
Over the world the vict'ry to win.

128



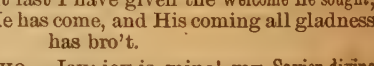
1 Hear the promise of the Lord,
As recorded in His word,
"Unto you is everlasting life!"
Heavy laden and distress'd,
Come, and I will give you rest,
"Unto you is everlasting life!"

CHO.—"Everlasting life," the promise reads,
And at God's right hand the Savior pleads;
Will you come to-day, making Christ your stay?
For with Him is everlasting life.

2 Weary pilgrim on the road
To the judgment seat of God,
"Unto you is everlasting life!"
If on Jesus you believe,
And His blessed word receive,
"Unto you is everlasting life!"

3 Cast on Jesus all your care,
And your burden He will bear,
"Unto you is everlasting life!"
In the strait and narrow way,
He will lead you day by day!
"Unto you is everlasting life!"

129

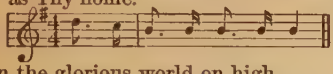


1 He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come,
He has taken my heart as His own chosen [home;
At last I have given the welcome He sought;
He has come, and His coming all gladness has bro't.

CHO.—Joy; joy is mine! my Savior divine
Comes to abide with me, with me,
Comes to abide, Ever to abide,
My own loving Savior abideth with me.

2 He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord,
Ev'ry tho't of my being is sway'd by His word;
He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
And His sceptre is love; O blessed control!

3 He has come to abide, and holy must be
The place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me;
And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,
Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

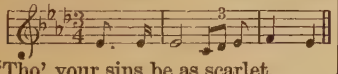
130 

1 In the glorious world on high,
Fill'd with light and love and joy,
We shall gather by and by over there;
We shall strike the harp and sing,
And make wondrous music ring,
As we praise our Savior King over there.

CHO.—Meet me there, meet me there,
In that home so bright and fair, meet me there,
Meet me there, meet me there,
And redemption's treasures share over there,

2 Soft will be the balmy air
Of the hills and valleys fair,
Rich will be the music rare over there;
We shall clasp the hand and greet
Loved ones on the golden street,
Cast our crowns at Jesus' feet over there.

3 Never tear will dim the sight,
Never care will fall to blight,
We shall walk with Christ in white over there;
No more weary will we rove,
But, renewed in youth above,
Dwell forever in God's love over there.

131 

1 ‖: "Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow; :‖
Tho' they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool!"
‖: "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, :‖
‖: They shall be as white as snow." :‖

2 ‖: Hear the voice that entreats you,
Oh, return ye unto God! :‖
He is of great compassion,
And of wondrous love;
‖: Hear the voice that entreats you, :‖
‖: Oh, return ye unto God! :‖

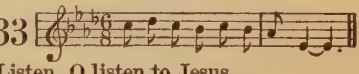
3 ‖: He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more; :‖
"Look unto Me ye people,"
Saith the Lord your God;
‖: He'll forgive your trangressions, :‖
‖: And remember them no more. :‖

132

1 When the clouds are hanging low,
Look beyond, look beyond;
Soon the skies will overflow
With the sunlight's cheery glow,
Look beyond, look beyond.
Hope is singing her refrain,
Joy will come to you again,
Clearest shining after rain,
Look beyond, O look beyond.

2 When the "broken cisterns" fail,
Look beyond, look beyond;
Living fountains gladly hail,
Sparkling springs in Baca's vale,
Look beyond, look beyond.
Rivers of salvation pour
From the Everlasting Shore,
Freely drink, and thirst no more,
Look beyond, O look beyond.

3 When the road is rough and wild,
Look beyond, look beyond;
God is watching o'er His child,
Mercy on thy pathway smiled,
Look beyond, look beyond.
When the Pearly Gates unfold,
Thou shalt tread the streets of gold,
"Many mansions" there behold,
Look beyond, O look beyond.

133 

1 Listen, O listen to Jesus,
Tenderly asking your heart,
Seeking to rescue and save you,
And His rich grace impart!
Oh! if His calls are all slighted,
And in your sins you still go,
What will you do in the judgment,
Wonderful days of great woe?

CHO.—Soul, what will you do?
Soul, what will you do?
Oh! what will you do
In that wonderful, wonderful day?

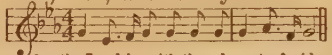
2 Christ is a refuge for sinners,
Flee to the arms of His love;
If you neglect His salvation,
How can you meet Him above?
Can you not give up your pleasures,
Turn from earth's trifles away?
Oh! if you cling to your idols,
What will you do in that day?

3 Toiling for wealth that will perish,
Charmed with the toys that decay,
Blinded by sin and by folly,
Sinning from day unto day,
Sinner, just think of the wages
You for your sin shall receive!
Turn to the dear, loving Savior,
Humbly confess and believe!

4 Think of the loved ones in heaven,
In yonder city of light,

Waiting for you at the portal;
What if your soul take its flight?
Would you be ready to greet them,
Anxious the gates to pass thro'?
If you have no hope in Jesus,
Sinner, then, what will you do?

134



1 Trust, for the Lord is with thee, be not afraid;
He will help and He will strengthen, be not dismayed;
He ever will uphold thee with His right hand;
Thou art called and chosen in His presence to stand.

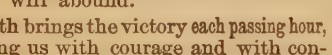
CHO.—Trust and be encouraged,
Trust in Christ the Lord;
Trust and be encouraged,
Trust in Jesus and His Word.

2 His love will never fail us, nor us forsake;
His eternal covenant He never will break;
Safe are the promises, and sweet is His Word;
So we trust with confidence in Jesus the Lord.

3 He strews the way before us with rich supplies;
For the poor and needy living streams will arise;
For all the sad and sinful grace will be found;
For the faint and feeble perfect strength will abound.

4 Faith brings the victory each passing hour,
Girding us with courage and with conquering pow'r,
Keeping our spirits holy and free from blame,
Helping us to overcome the world in His name.

135



1 Hear the footsteps of Jesus,
He is now passing by,
Bearing balm for the wounded,
Healing all who apply;
As He spake to the suff'rer
Who lay at the pool,
He is saying this moment,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

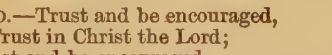
CHO.—‖: Wilt thou be made whole? :‖
O come, weary suff'rer,
O come, sin-sick soul;
See, the life stream is flowing,
See the cleansing wave roll;
Step into the current
And thou shalt be whole.

2 'Tis the voice of the Savior,
Whose merciful call
Freely offers salvation
To one and to all;
He is now beck'ning to Him
Each sin-tainted soul,
And lovingly asking,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

3 Are you halting and struggling,
O'erpow'red by your sin?
While the waters are troubled,
Can you not enter in?
Lo, the Savior stands waiting
To strengthen your soul,
He is earnestly pleading;
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

4 Blessed Savior, assist us
To rest on Thy Word;
Let the soul-healing power
On us now be outpour'd;
Wash away every sin-spot,
Take perfect control,
Say to each trusting spirit,
"Thy faith makes thee whole."

136

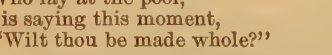


1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale;
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

137



1 These two little hands were given,
Whether at work or play,
To do little things for Jesus,
Thro' all this day.

REF.—For I belong to Him,
Yes, I belong to Him;
These two little hands for Jesus,
For I belong to Him.

2 These two little feet were given,
Willingly to obey,
And hasten on loving errands,
Thro' all this day.

REF.—For I belong to Him,
Yes, I belong to Him;
These two little feet for Jesus,
For I belong to Him.

3 These two little lips were given,
Only kind words to say,
And never to talk of evil,
Thro' all this day.

REF.—For I belong to Him,
Yes, I belong to Him;
These two little lips for Jesus,
For I belong to Him.

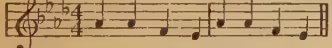
4 These two little ears were given,
Never to try to hear
Bad words that are sometimes spoken
To playmates dear.

REF.—For I belong to Him,
Yes, I belong to Him;
These two little ears for Jesus,
For I belong to Him.

5 These two little eyes were given,
Never to look at wrong,
But study the words of Jesus;
This makes me strong.

REF.—For I belong to Him,
Yes, I belong to Him;
These two little eyes for Jesus,
For I belong to Him.

138



1 Can it be that Jesus bought me,
And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him?
Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He!

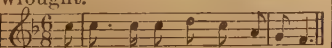
CHO.—Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
All His grace so rich and free!
Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
That my Savior so loves me!

2 Praise His name, He sought and found me,
Sav'd me from wandering and brought me near;
Daily now His grace bestowing,
Jesus is growing unto me more dear.

3 It was years He had been waiting,
Waiting the dawning of the precious hour,
When I should at last be yielding,
Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ransom'd pow'r.

4 From that hour He has been seeking
How He may fill me with His precious love,
How He may thro' grace transform me,
Meet for the fellowship of saints above.

5 As I think of all, I marvel
Why in such patience He my good has sought,
And bestowed His grace upon me,
And in my spirit such a change has wrought.

139

1 The Savior is calling you, sinner—
Urging you now to draw nigh;
He asks you by faith to receive Him;
Jesus will help if you try.

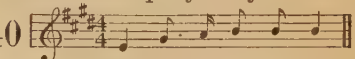
REF.—‖: Jesus will help you, :‖
Help you with grace from on high;
The weakest and poorest the Savior is calling;
Jesus will help if you try.

2 Thro' Him there is life in believing;
Sinner, oh, why will you die?
Accept Him by faith as your Savior;
Jesus will help if you try.

3 The Savior is calling you, wand'rer—
Points you to mansions on high;
Return to the path that leads homeward;
Jesus will help if you try.

4 There's danger in longer delaying,
Swiftly the moments pass by;
If now you will come, there is mercy;
Jesus will help if you try.

140



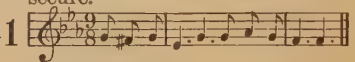
1 Sweet are the promises, kind is the word,
Dearer far than any message man ever heard;
Pure was the mind of Christ, sinless I see;
He the great example is, and pattern for me.

CHO.—Where He leads I'll follow,
Follow all the way,
Where He leads I'll follow,
Follow Jesus ev'ry day.

2 Sweet is the tender love, Jesus hath shown,
Sweeter far than any love that mortals have known;
Kind to the erring one, faithful is He;
He the great example is, and pattern for me.

3 List to His loving words, "Come unto me."
Weary, heavy-laden, there is sweet rest for thee;
Trust in His promises, faithful and sure;
Lean upon thy Savior, and thy soul is secure.

141



1 Some of these days the skies will be brighter;
Some of these days the burdens be lighter;
Hearts will be happier, souls will be whiter,
‖: Some of these days. :‖

CHO.—Some of these days all sin will be banished,
Some of these days all evil have vanished,
Earth will be brighter, hearts will be lighter,
Souls will be whiter, Some of these days.

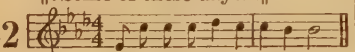
2 Some of these days, in deserts upspringing,
Fountains will flash, while joy-bells are [ringing,

Earth will be full of joy and of singing,
‖: Some of these days. :‖

3 Some of these days we'll bury our sorrow;
Out of the future, light we may borrow;
There will be joy and hope in the morrow,
‖: Some of these days. :‖

4 Some of these days God's wondrous salvation
Will, in its love, embrace ev'ry nation;
All then shall hail our King's coronation,
‖: Some of these days. :‖

142



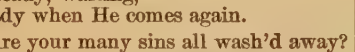
1 Do you love the service of the King?
Can you from the heart His praises sing?
Have you gathered golden sheaves to bring
To your Master, should He come?

CHO.—Ready, waiting,
Watching for the coming of the King of kings to reign;
Ready, waiting,
Ready when He comes again.

2 Are your many sins all wash'd away?
Are you walking in the light alway?
Do you ev'ry moment watch and pray,
Ready, waiting, should He come?

3 Do you truly love the Holy One?
Day by day is some new vict'ry won?
Is His will each moment in you done?
Are you ready, should He come?

143



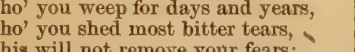
1 Weeping will not save you;
Tho' you weep for days and years,
Tho' you shed most bitter tears,
This will not remove your fears;
Weeping will not save you.

CHO.—Christ alone can save from sin,
Christ alone can make you clean,
Naught that you have done or been,
Only Christ can save you.

2 Working will not save you;
Tho' you toil with might and main,
This will not remove your stain,
For you must be born again;
Working will not save you.

3 Waiting will not save you;
You will never better be,
Tho' you wait eternally,
Only Christ can make you free;
Waiting will not save you.

144



1 Wonder of wonders that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me!
Wonder of wonders, O how can it be?
Jesus loves even me!

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Jesus loves even me;
Wonder of wonders, O how can it be?
Jesus loves even me!

2 Wonder of wonders, He careth for me,
Careth for me, careth for me!
Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see,
Daily He cares for me!

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Careth for even me;
Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see,
Daily He cares for me!

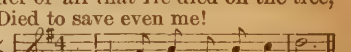
3 Wonder of wonders, Christ suffered for me,
Suffered for me, suffered for me!
Wonder of wonders, O how could it be?
Suffered for even me!

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Suffered for even me;
Wonder of wonders, O how could it be?
Suffered for even me!

4 Wonder of wonders that Jesus saves me,
Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me!
Wonder of all that He died on the tree,
Died to save even me!

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Jesus saves even me;
Wonder of all that He died on the tree,
Died to save even me!

145



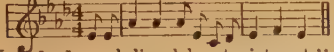
1 Oh, glorious promises of God!
Each one a priceless gem!
The richest diamonds of the earth
Are naught compared to them;
Most blessed boon to mortals giv'n,
To cheer life's dreary way;
Bright lights let down to show the path
To everlasting day.

CHO.—Sweet promises! God's promises!
Dear treasures of my soul;
With these I'm rich, with these secure,
While endless ages roll.

2 No failure in His promises,
But steadfast, firm and sure.
The Word of our unchanging God
Forever shall endure.
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And all we love may die,
God's promises to us remain,—
On these we may rely.

3 Believing them the Spirit's pow'r
Renews and purifies,
Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood,
Our perfect sacrifice.
Oh, glorious legacy of heav'n,
So rich, so vast and free,
These precious promises divine,
Securing all to me.

146



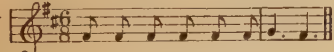
1 "We who have believed do enter into rest;"
Not an anxious care disturbs the trustful breast;
From all unbelief for evermore we cease,
Kept by pow'r divine in sweet and perfect peace.

CHO.—Blessed rest, Oh, this is blessed rest!
Tho' the waves of trouble roll,
Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest,
'Tis Sabbath, Sabbath in my soul.

2 "We who have believed do enter into rest;"
Oh, how free we are from all that once depressed!
What a blessed foretaste of the peace to come,
Where we all shall gather in our heav'nly home!

3 "We who have believed do enter into rest;"
Ev'ry day is holy, ev'ry hour is blest;
Effort ceasing, resting now in God are we;
To His name the glory evermore shall be.

147



1 Sinner, undone thy condition,
Thou art of Satan the slave;
Yet thou canst hope for salvation;
Jesus is able to save.

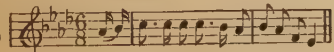
CHO.—‖: Able to save, able to save,
Jesus is able and willing to save. :‖

2 If thou wilt seek Him in earnest,
Thou His forgiveness shalt have;
Thou shalt be freed from thy bondage;
Jesus is able to save.

3 How He, on Calvary's mountain,
Prayed for His foes and forgave!
He will not slight thy petition;
Jesus is able to save.

4 Think how the mighty Redeemer
Triumphed o'er death and the grave;
Seek Him, oh, seek Him or perish!
Jesus is able to save.

148



1 Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night,
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
In celestial like strains it unceasingly falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

CHO.—Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above;
Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray,
In fathomless billows of love.

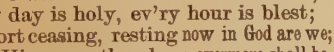
2 What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace,
Buried deep in the heart of my soul;
So secure that no power can mine it away,
While the years of eternity roll.

3 I am resting to-night in this wonderful peace,
Resting sweetly in Jesus' control;
For I'm kept from all danger by night and by day,
And His glory is flooding my soul.

4 And me-thinks when I rise to that City of peace,
Where the Author of peace I shall see,
That one strain of the song which the ransomed will sing,
In that heavenly kingdom shall be:—

5 Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or rest,
Marching down the rough pathway of time?
Make Jesus your friend ere the shadows grow dark;
Oh, accept this sweet peace so sublime.

149



1 When my life work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see;
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side,
And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

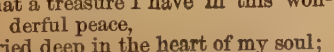
CHO.—I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
And redeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand.

2 Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face,
And the luster of His kindly beaming eye;
How my full heart will praise Him for the mercy, love and grace,
That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.

3 Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come,
And our parting at the river I recall;
To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home;
But I long to meet my Savior first of all.

4 Thro' the gates to the city in a robe of spotless white,
He will lead me where no tears will ever fall;
In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight;
But I long to meet my Savior first of all.

150



1 Daylight is past,
Shadows are cast
Over the sea and land;
Down in the glade,

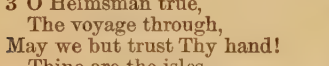
Night's peaceful shade
Lieth so near at hand.
Full are the nets we've drawn to shore;
Joy's measure pressed to overflow;
The reefs are passed, the tempest's roar
Sinks to a whisper low.

CHO.—Then tho' the tide be swift and wide,
Naught can we fear on life's wild sea;
To Thee we raise our songs of praise,
Pilot of Galilee.

2 Once down our path,
The storm in wrath
Lashed the wild foaming wave;
Darkness and dread
Gathered o'erhead,
No human arm could save.
Drifting and lost we heard with fear
The breakers' roar where rocks did hide;
Till thro' the gloom our souls could hear,
"Lo, I will be thy guide."

3 O Helmsman true,
The voyage through,
May we but trust Thy hand!
Thine are the isles
Where pleasures smiles,
Thine the fair Beulah land.
Each strange, new morn unveils the way
To unknown seas where we must go;
Thou who didst guide thro' yesterday,
To-morrow's path dost know.

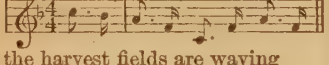
151



1 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

152



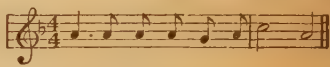
1 Lo, the harvest fields are waving
With the golden grain to-day,
Up, ye reapers, take your sickles,
And the Master's call obey.
Forth into the rip'ning harvest
At the tender dawn of light,
Lest the golden grain be wasted,
For the world's broad fields are white.

CHO.—"On to the harvest," the Spirit breathes,
Hasten away nor idle be,
Amid the fields of ripening grain,
On to the harvest, lo, Jesus grieves,
Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves.

2 Stay not from the fields of harvest
In the burning noon-tide's heat,
For the Master will refresh you
As you bind the bearded wheat;
For the harvest is the sowing
Of His own dear love and tears,
And the wheat the souls He died to
Save for everlasting years.

3 Bind the sheaves as ev'ning gathers,
Let not one be cast away;
Each is precious to the Master,
Labor on till close of day.
And thy soul with great rejoicing
At thy Master's word shall come,
And He'll crown thee true and faithful
When the sheaves are garner'd home.

153



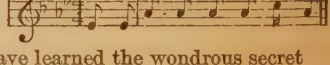
1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus!
All my being's ransom'd pow'rs:
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours. :‖

2 Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise. :‖

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings. :‖

154



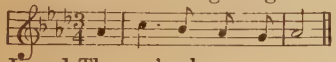
1 I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in His word,
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am trusting in His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

CHO.—I'm abiding in the Lord,
And confiding in His word,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding,
In the bosom of His love.

2 I am crucified with Jesus,
And He lives and dwells in me;
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I, but He;
All my will is yielded to Him,
And His Spirit reigns within,
And His precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

3 All my cares I cast upon Him,
And He bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him,
All my needs from day to day;
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By His breath I live and move;
E'en His very mind He gives me,
And His faith, and life, and love.

4 For my words I take His wisdom,
For my works His Spirit's pow'r,
For my ways His gracious Presence,
Guards and guides me ev'ry hour;
Of my heart He is the Portion,
Of my joy, the ceaseless Spring;
Savior, Sanctifier, Keeper,
Glorious Lord and coming King.

155

1 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

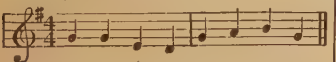
REF.—I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Ev'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

156 

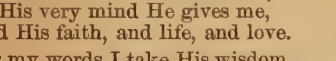
1 There is none, O Jesus, like Thee,
None so faithful and so true,
None so full of tender pity,
And compassion ever new.

CHO.—Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
I have never known so true a Friend before;
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Daily will I love Thee more and more.

2 Never have I found another
Kind and loving as Thou art;
Thou art dearer than a brother,
Nearer, dearer to my heart.

3 It was love that sought and found me,
It was grace that ransomed me,
Broke the chains of sin that bound me,
And forever set me free.

4 Why should I not love Thee ever,
And go with Thee all the way?
Jesus, I will leave Thee never;
From Thy side I will not stray.

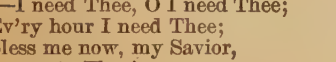
157 

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—‖:This is my story this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long. :‖

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

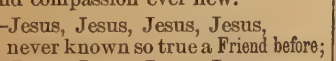
158 

1 Is there a sinner awaiting
Mercy and pardon to-day?
Welcome the news that we bring him,
"Jesus is passing this way!"
Coming in love and in mercy,
Pardon and peace to bestow,
Coming to save the poor sinner
From his heart-anguish and woe.

CHO.—Jesus is passing this way
To-day, to-day,
While He is near, O believe Him,
Open your heart to receive Him,
For Jesus is passing this way,
Is passing this way to-day.

2 Brother, the Master is waiting,
Waiting to freely forgive;
Why not this moment accept Him,
Trust in His grace and live?
He is so tender and precious,
He is so near you to-day;
Open your heart to receive Him,
While He is passing this way.

3 Yes, He is coming to bless you
While in contrition you bow;
Coming from sin to redeem you,
Ready to save you now;
Can you refuse the salvation
Jesus is offering here?
Open your heart to admit Him,
While He is coming so near;

159 

1 O love, surpassing knowledge!
O grace so full and free!

I know that Jesus loves me,
And that's enough for me.

REF.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
I know that Jesus loves me,
And that's enough for me.

2 O wonderful salvation,
That I should ransomed be!
'Tis mine, this sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me.

REF.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
'Tis mine, this sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me.

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
It cleanses me completely,
And that's enough for me.

REF.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
It cleanses me completely,
And that's enough for me.

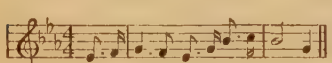
4 O wondrous love of Jesus!
What love could sweeter be?
He keeps me pure and happy,
And that's enough for me.

REF.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
He keeps me pure and happy,
And that's enough for me.

5 We live in sweet communion,
In holy harmony;
I share His full salvation,
And that's enough for me.

REF.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
I share His full salvation,
And that's enough for me.

160



1 Watch and pray that when the Master cometh,
If at morning, noon or night,
He may find a lamp in ev'ry window,
Trimmed and burning clear and bright.

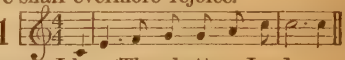
CHO.—Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth;
Watch and pray, 'twill not be long;
Soon He'll gather home His loved ones
To the happy vale of song.

2 Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us;
Keep the heart with jealous care,
Lest, the door a moment left unguarded,
Evil thoughts may enter there.

3 Watch and pray, nor let us ever weary;
Jesus watched and prayed alone,
Prayed for us when only stars beheld Him,
While on Olive's brow they shone.

4 Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty,
Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice;
Then, with Him the marriage feast partaking,
We shall evermore rejoice.

161



1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

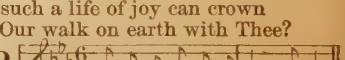
CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the tho't of Thee,
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

4 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

162



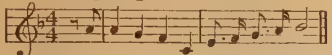
1 Back to the cold world I will not go,
Back to the old paths of pain and woe,
Back to the old life of sin, O no!
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.
I've found a life that is sweeter to me,
Sweeter with peace, from unhappiness free,
Fuller of joy than the old life could be;
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.

CHO.—Back to the cold world I will not go,
Back to the old paths of pain and woe,
Back to the old life of sin, O no!
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.

2 Back on the night shrouded sea to die?
Back, where the breakers of sin toss on high?
Back, 'mid the billows of doubt? Not I!
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.
I've found a life that is sweeter to me,
Sweeter with peace, from unhappiness free,
Fuller of joy than the old life could be;
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.

3 Back to the boon friends of former days,
Still walking on in their old, sinful ways?
Back with a message of love and grace;
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.
I've found a life that is sweeter to me,

Sweeter with peace, from unhappiness free,
Fuller of joy than the old life could be;
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.

163 

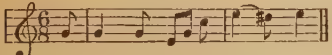
1 When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

CHO.—‖: I shall be satisfied, :‖
I shall be satisfied,
By and by.

2 When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

3 When I shall meet with those that I have lov'd,
Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him with the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

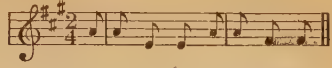
164 

1 How many times, discouraged,
We sink beside the way;
About us all is darkness,
We hardly dare to pray.
Then, thro' the mists and shadows,
The sweetest voice e'er known
Says, "Child, am I not with thee,
Never to leave thee alone?"

CHO.—No, never alone, no, never alone!
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

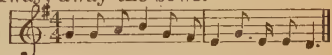
2 Oh, soul, hast thou forgotten
The tender word and sweet
Of Him who left behind Him
The print of bleeding feet?
"I never will forsake thee,
Oh, child, so weary grown;
Remember, I have promised
Never to leave thee alone."

3 Take courage, way-worn pilgrim!
Tho' mists and shadows hide
The face of Him thou lovest;
He's ever at thy side.
Reach out thy hand and find Him,
And lo, the clouds have flown;
He smiles on thee who promised
Never to leave thee alone.

165

1 Cold water is the cup that cheers;
Away, away the bowl!
Old Alcohol is king of tears;
Away, away the bowl!
Good-bye to rum and all its harms,
Farewell the wine-cup's dread alarms,
Cold water hath far sweeter charms;
Away, away the bowl!

2 See how the stagg'ring drunkard reels;
Away, away the bowl!
What shame and mis'ry he reveals!
Away, away the bowl!
His hungry children cry for bread,
And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
They watch for his return with dread;
Away, away the bowl!

3 No alcohol we'll buy or sell;
Away, away the bowl!
We hate it now and ever shall;
Away, away the bowl!
United in a temp'rance band,
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
To drive the demon from our land;
Away, away the bowl!

166 

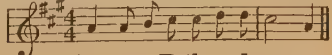
1 Still out of Christ, when so oft He has called you;
Why will you longer refuse to believe?
What can you hope from the world or its pleasure?
How can you trust them when both will deceive?

REF.—Come, come to Jesus, weary, heavy-hearted,
Come, come to Jesus while you may;
Now He is waiting, waiting to receive you,
Hark! He is calling you to-day.

2 Still out of Christ, and the moments so precious;
Night is approaching; oh, what will you do?
Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
Free are its waters, and flowing for you.

3 Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mercy,
If you are willing to turn from your sin,
Yonder He stands at the door of salvation,
Waiting to pardon and welcome you in.

4 Still out Christ and the love He has promised;
How you are longing that love to receive!
Haste where the star of your faith is directing,
Haste, and this moment repent and believe.

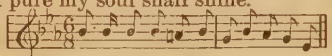
167 

1 Closer to Thee, my Father, draw me,
I long for Thine embrace;

Closer within Thine arms enfold me,
I seek a resting place.
CHO.—Closer with the chords of love,
Draw me to Thyself above;
Closer draw me
To Thyself above.

2 Closer to Thee, my Savior, draw me,
Nor let me leave Thee more;
Sighing to feel Thine arms around me,
And all my wand'rings o'er.

3 Closer to Thee, sweet Spirit, draw me,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Quicken, refine, and fully cleanse me,
Till pure my soul shall shine.

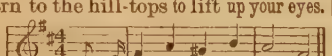
168 

1 Look to the hill-tops, the morning is breaking,
Sunshine and gladness the waiting world cheer,
Over the valley the glory is streaming,
Shadows depart when the sun-rays appear.
CHO.—Look, look! look to the hill-tops,
See the shadows depart;
Christ as the morning Will, in the glad dawning,
Rise as the sun for your shadowed, sad heart.

2 Look to the hill-tops, the darkest clouds brighten,
Colors resplendent tint ev'ry dark hue;
E'en so your God shall your life-shadows lighten,
Showing His peace and His comfort to you.

3 Look to the hill-tops, the verdure is vernal,
That which was hidden is coming to view;
Lift up your eyes to the mountains eternal,
Heaven is calling and beckoning you.

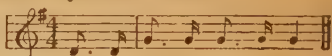
4 Look to the hill-tops where God's angels rally,
Strength'ning your courage and helping you rise;
No longer look to the shades of the valley,
Learn to the hill-tops to lift up your eyes.

169 

1 Hear the voice of love and duty,
Calling thee; calling thee;
There is work to do for Jesus,
Here and o'er the sea.
CHO.—Here am I, send me,
I would toil for Thee;
I have heard Thy call, and with joy reply,
"Dear Savior, here am I."

2 Shall the Master ask unheeded,
"Who will go, who will go?"
When the Bread of Life is needed
Ev'rwhere below.

3 Living coals from God's own altar,
Touch our lips, purge our sin;
Love divine the lost ones seeking,
Make thy home within.

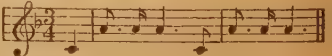
170

1 By Samaria's wayside well,
Once a blessed message fell
On a woman's thirsty soul,
Long ago;
And to eyes that long were sealed
Was the glorious light revealed,
Thro' a fountain that was opened
Long ago.
CHO.—There's a fountain that was opened
Long ago, Long ago,
For the healing of the nations
Is its flow;
Along the line of ages
The prophets and the sages
Caught the singing of its waters,
Long ago.

2 And a little captive maid,
By a leper undismayed,
Told to him a simple story,
Long ago;
That the stream where he might lave
Had alone the power to save,
Thro' his trust in that old fountain,
Long ago;

3 And a woman in a crowd,
Without word or cry aloud,
Just stooped down and touched His garment,
Long ago;
As her urgent need appealed,
So her sinful soul was healed,
In that fountain that was opened
Long ago.

4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine,
That was wrought thro' that old fountain,
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side
That was pierced for our redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever-cleansing wave
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

171 

1 My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me

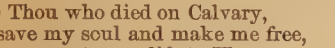
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Savior and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Savior and my God!

2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now, henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Savior and my God!

3 O Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I'll consecrate my life to Thee,
My Savior and my God!

172



1 I think of my Savior,
His love and His favor,
And all of His mercy divine;
A new heart He gave me,
And thus did He save me,
This wonderful Savior of mine.

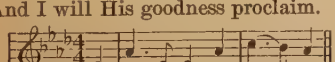
CHO.—A new heart He gave me, a new heart of love;
By grace He renewed me, by grace from above;
My soul He transformed by His power divine,
This wonderful Jesus, this Savior of mine.

2 The moment so precious,
So holy and gracious,
I think of it joyfully still,
When Jesus renewed me,
With power endued me,
And humbled my heart to His will.

3 How close was the union,
And rich the communion
Between the dear Lord and my soul;
'Twas joy full of sweetness
My heart, in completeness,
To yield to His holy control.

4 In glad exultation
O'er conscious salvation,
I praise His adorable name;
A new heart He gave me,
And thus did He save me,
And I will His goodness proclaim.

173



1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

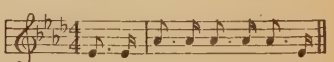
CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest,
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

174



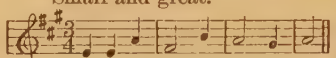
1 There's a place where we may labor,
One and all;
To the harvest fields that ripen,
Hear the call;
Idle stand not all the day,
Stow the Master's grain away;
It is ready for the garner,
Why delay?

CHO.—Why delay? Haste away,
Soon will come close of day;
While the golden harvests wait,
Ripe to fall,
Stand not at the market gate,
Hear, oh, hear the Master's call,
"Work you My desire,
I'll give, will give you hire."

2 "In the market idly standing,
Are there more?"
Calls the Master of the harvest
O'er and o'er;
Calls the Master, far and near,
"Idle stand no longer here,
I will give you righteous wages,
Never fear."

3 And the Master still is waiting,
Calling still,
"Go ye all into My vineyard
With a will;
Be it early, be it late,
Idle there no longer wait,

What is right I sure will give you,
Small and great."

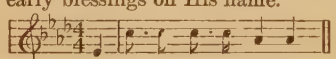
175 

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

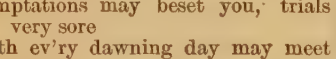
176 

1 Let not your heart be troubled, neither
be afraid;
If ye believe in God, believe also in me;
I will not leave you comfortless, I will
come to aid;
A Friend and Helper I will be.

CHO.—Fear not, fear not, God is on
His throne;
Trust Him, He who careth for His own;
He is a faithful Friend, and you He
will defend,
And never leave His child to walk alone.

2 Let not your heart be troubled! Noth-
ing can betide
To do you ill and harm, to fill you
with alarm;
For in His blessed fellowship, safe you
shall abide,
Secure beneath His shelt'ring arm.

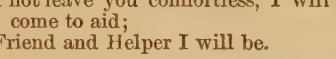
3 Temptations may beset you, trials
very sore
With ev'ry dawning day may meet
you on the way;
Let not your heart be troubled, but
trust Him more and more,
For He will be with you alway.

177 

1 I've a message from the Lord,
Praise His name, Praise His name;
And I love the precious word,
Praise His name, Praise His name.
For it tells His love to me,
Tells of mercy full and free,
Of the death on Calvary,
Praise His name, Praise His name.

2 Oh, He guides me by His eye,
Praise His name, Praise His name;
All my needs doth He supply,
Praise His name, Praise His name.
Day by day He leads me on
By the path the saints have gone,
And His might I lean upon,
Praise His name, Praise His name.

3 I'm a subject of His grace,
Praise His name, Praise His name;
And I long to see His face,
Praise His name, Praise His name.
He's my shelter from the blast,—
I shall dwell with Him at last,
When afflictions here are past,
Praise His name, Praise His name.

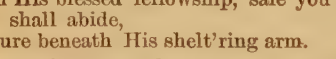
178 

1 Loyalty to the Master, loyalty to the King;
Loyalty now and ever cheerily let us sing;
Wholly at His commandment, let ev'ry
soldier be,
Joyfully serving Jesus, serving with loyalty.

CHO.—Loyal soldiers, let us joyfully
march along,
Forward, forward, with a triumphant song;
Onward, onward, a happy and loyal throng,
Loyal to our Savior and our King.

2 Loyalty to the Master, letting Him
lead the way;
Glorious is His banner, follow it ev'ry day
Into the midst of battle, conquering as we go,
Victory He has promised over the deadly foe.

3 Loyalty to the Master; looking to Him alone,
Turning away from evil, Jesus will
keep His own;
Onward, still onward pressing, seeing
the starry prize
Waiting for all the faithful, meeting
beyond the skies.

179 

1 Stand like Caleb, tho' the world oppose;
Vict'ry's key-note is believing;
There's no danger from ten thousand foes,
God's almighty pow'r receiving.

CHO.—Stand like Caleb! fear no foe,
Trust, ye doubting, in Jehovah's might;
God is leading, forward go,
Never falter in the cause of right.

2 Are there giants in the upward way?
Are their cities "walled to heaven?"
Glorious vict'ry shall be ours each day,
Trusting God by whom 'tis given.

3 There's a land with "milk and honey" blest,
Why be faithless and faint-hearted?
On Jehovah's strong assurance rest.
Sin's defense is now departed.

180

1 We'll stand by the Bible, God's message to man,
Revealing His love in Redemption's great plan;
It tells how death entered with sin and the fall,
Of life freely offered thro' Jesus to all.

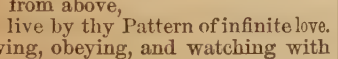
CHO.—Stand by the Bible, walk by the Bible,
Teach by the Bible, revealing God's plan;
Stand by the Bible, study the Bible,
Live by the Bible, God's message to man.

2 No book so abounding in wonderful truth,
No guide so unerring for childhood and youth,
No counsel so needed by man in his bloom,
No comfort so sweet on the verge of the tomb.

3 Thro' ages when Faith spurn'd the fetters of Might,
It shone like a star on the bosom of night;
Its word was the rule of the millions who bled,
Its hope was their stay when the last pray'r was said.

4 We'll follow thy teachings, blest word from above,
We'll live by thy Pattern of infinite love.
Believing, obeying, and watching with pray'r,
Till grace shall for heaven our spirits prepare.

181



1 How dear to my heart is the story of old,
The story that ever is new,
The message that saints of all ages have told,
The message so tender and true.

CHO.—The story that never grows old,
Though over and over 'tis told;
The story so dear, bringing heav'n so near,
Sweet story that never grows old.

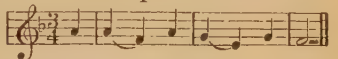
2 It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin,
I sat in the prison of doubt:
Like angel of old, the glad story came in
And led me triumphantly out.

3 It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh,
With snares for my way-weary feet;
It tells of the Rock that is higher than I,
And leads to its blissful retreat.

4 When sorrow is mine, and on pillows of stone
My aching head seeks for repose,
This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
My desert blooms forth like the rose.

5 When down in the "valley and shadow of Death,"
I enter the gloom of the grave,
I'll tell the old story with life's latest breath,
Of Christ and His power to save.

182

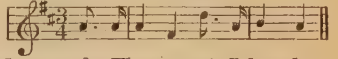


1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

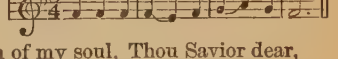
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

183

1 Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;
‖: Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more. :‖

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
‖: Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield. :‖

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
‖: Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. :‖

184

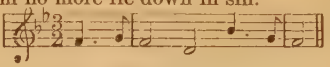


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

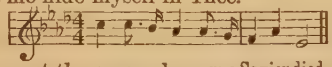
4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

185 

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

186 

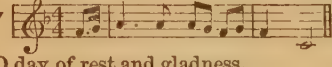
1 Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHO.—‖:Glory to His name:‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!

2 I am so wondrously sav'd from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name.

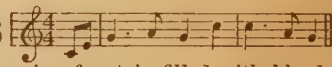
4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

187 

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

188 

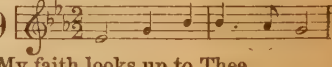
1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

189 

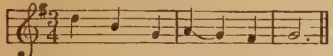
1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

190

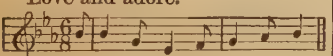


1 Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

3 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be;
Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

191



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

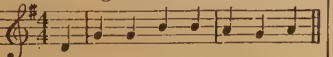
REF.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus,
Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

192



1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
‖: Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

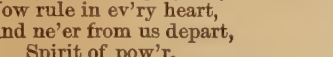
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
‖: Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
‖: Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

193



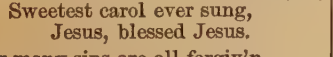
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

194

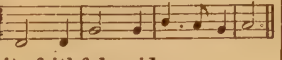


1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?

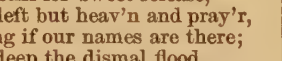
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

195 

1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

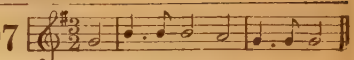
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

196 

1 Come, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

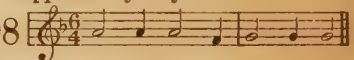
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

197

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follow'r of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

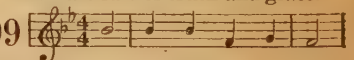
4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

198 

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearers waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

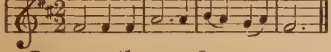
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

199 

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
‖:The year of Jubilee is come,:‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
‖:The year of Jubilee is come,:‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim;
‖:The year of Jubilee is come,:‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

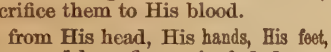
200 

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

201 

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.:‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

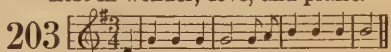
3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

202

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

203 

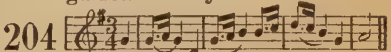
1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Ref.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Hallelujah, amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

204

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

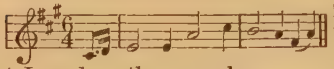
3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,

Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

205



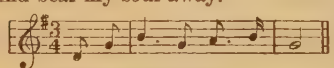
1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown,
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

206



1 I am coming to the Cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

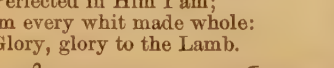
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

207



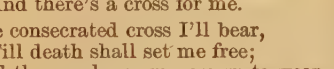
1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

208



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

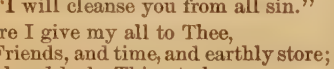
3 Just as I am, tho' toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

209



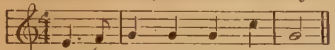
1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide Thee;
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy! there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name,
in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

210



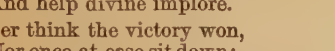
1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

211



1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

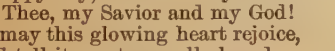
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

212



1 Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow,
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

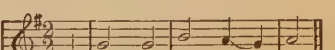
3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

CHO.—Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
Don't reject Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

213



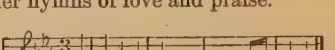
1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my pray'rs ascend,
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

214

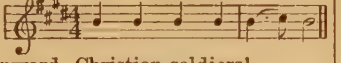


1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
‖:In notes almost divine.:‖

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heav'nly dress
‖:My soul shall ever shine.:‖

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
‖:Triumphant in His grace.:‖

215



1 Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!

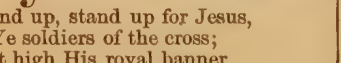
CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

216

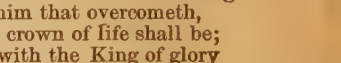


1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

217

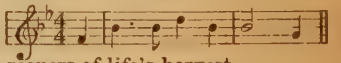


1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

218



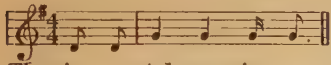
1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade;
Why stand ye idly waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again;
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial

Points to the noon below,
And come with stronger sinews
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

219



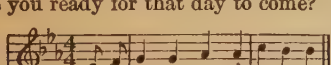
1 There's a great day coming,
A great day coming,
There's a great day coming by and by,
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left;
Are you ready for that day to come?

CHO.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? Are you ready
For the judgment day?

2 There's a bright day coming,
A bright day coming,
There's a bright day coming by and by,
But the brightness shall only come to those who love the Lord;
Are you ready for that day to come?

3 There's a sad day coming,
A sad day coming,
There's a sad day coming by and by,
When the sinner shall hear his doom,
"Depart, I know ye not;"
Are you ready for that day to come?

220



1 I sing the praise of Him to-day
Who wash'd my many sins away;
His love is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

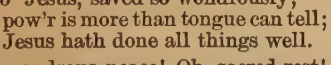
CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell;
And above the rest this note shall swell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 I marvel at His grace to me,
It is so boundless, rich, and free;
His grace is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 A blessed life it is to be,
Thro' Jesus, saved so wondrously;
His pow'r is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 Oh, wondrous peace! Oh, sacred rest!
In Him I am supremely blest;
His peace is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

221

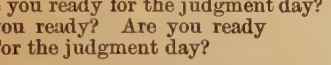


1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

222

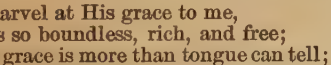


1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit, when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

223



1 ‖: I have heard my Savior calling, :‖
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

CHO.—‖: Where He leads me I will follow, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

2 ‖: Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

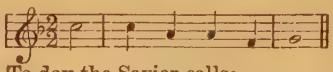
3 ‖: Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He leads thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

7 ‖:Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

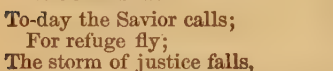
224

1 To-day the Savior calls;
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh, hear Him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His pow'r,
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

225



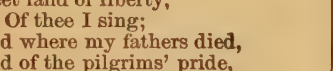
1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

226

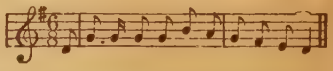


1 Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

227

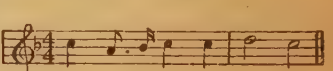


1 I heard of a Savior who sought for the lost,
Deep rivers He forded, high mountains He crossed,
To find them, to save them, whatever the cost,
To bring them from darkness to day,
I heard of this Savior, and humbly I came,
A poor guilty sinner, His mercy to claim,
And now I'm rejoicing thro' faith in His name,
He never will turn me away.

Cho.—‖:He never will turn me away,:‖
I asked Him to save me,
He freely forgave me;
He never will turn me away.

2 I've prov'd th- dear Savior in sun and in show'r,
In joy's blooming summer, and grief's wintry hour,
He still is my Refuge, my Rock and my Tow'r,
My Comfort and Strength ev'ry day.
Whatever the trouble, whatever the need,
I'll lean on His bosom, His promise I'll plead,
And find Him a Helper, a Brother indeed,
He never will turn me away.

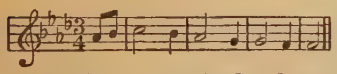
3 The fullness of blessing is His to bestow,
Then straight to the Master I'll trustfully go,
And ask that the pow'r of His Spirit He'll show,
His wonderful grace He'll display;
And when these short pilgrimage days shall pass by,
I'll come to the gates of the City on high;
Oh, then from the mansions beyond the blue sky,
He never will turn me away.

228

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give ev'ry flying minute,
Som thing to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

229



1 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

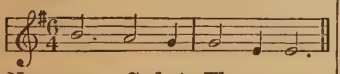
2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because the light has on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away the gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

5 Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene and bright,
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

230



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

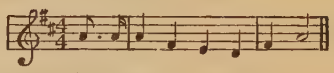
2 Tho' like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking tho'ts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

231



1 O the morning, happy morning,
That will break on yonder shore,
When the march of life is ended,
And our harvest work is o'er;
When we stand amid the gloaming,
And our hearts with joy are bright,
While we say to those around us,
With a loving smile, Good night.

Cho.—Good night, good night,
Till we meet in the morning light:
Good night till we meet
At the Savior's feet,
In that land where all is bright.

2 O the morning, blissful morning,
That from ev'ry care is free,
And forever with our Savior
And Redeemer we shall be;
When the silver cord is broken,
And our spirits wing their flight,
Only pausing till our dear ones
Catch the loving words, Good night.

3 O the morning, golden morning,
We shall see it by and by,
Faith beholds it in the distance,
And its dawning draweth nigh.
Here we part, for time is fleeting,
Ever fading from our sight,
But in yonder happy morrow
We shall never say Good night.

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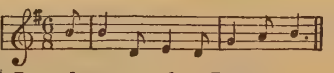

1 Will Jesus hear me when I pray?
Yes, O yes, He will;
And bid the darkness flee away?
Yes, O yes, He will.

CHO.—Yes, He will, O yes, He will,
He will ever near abide;
Keep my many needs supplied.
Yes, O yes, He will.

2 Will Jesus come and speak to me?
Yes, O yes, He will;
And set my captive spirit free?
Yes, O yes, He will.

3 Will Jesus cleanse my heart from sin?
Yes, O yes, He will;
And then forever dwell within?
Yes, O yes, He will.

4 Will Jesus then supply my need?
Yes, O yes, He will;
My soul with heav'nly manna feed?
Yes, O yes, He will.

5 Will Jesus fill me with His power?
Yes, O yes, He will;
When I approach the dying hour?
Yes, O yes, He will.

6 Will Jesus give me dying grace?
Yes, O yes, He will;
Permit me then to see His face?
Yes, O yes, He will.

7 Will Jesus lead me up the way?
Yes, O yes, He will;
Throughout the land of endless day?
Yes, ∪ yes, He will.

233

1 God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting, hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

234

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us! O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May Thy presence, may Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready, may we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

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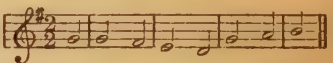

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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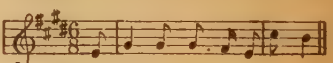

1 Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you!
We say it in joyful tone;
For safe in the Father's keeping
We surely can trust His own.
Good-bye! it is but for a moment;
The way to our home lies straight;
We'll enter it, some in the morning,
And some in the evening late.

REF.—Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you!
We say it in joyful tone;
For safe in the Father's keeping
We surely can trust His own.

2 Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you!
The harvest immortal stands
All glowing with golden promise,
And ripe for the reapers' hands,
And he that goeth forth weeping
To scatter the precious seed,
Shall doubtless come with rejoicing,
Well-laden with shining sheaves.

3 Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you!
Again we unite heart and hand,
And promise that true to our Master,
God helping us, ever we'll stand.
No harm shall touch His beloved,
No pestilence dread draw near;
His hand shall shield from all evil,
His presence shall banish fear.

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